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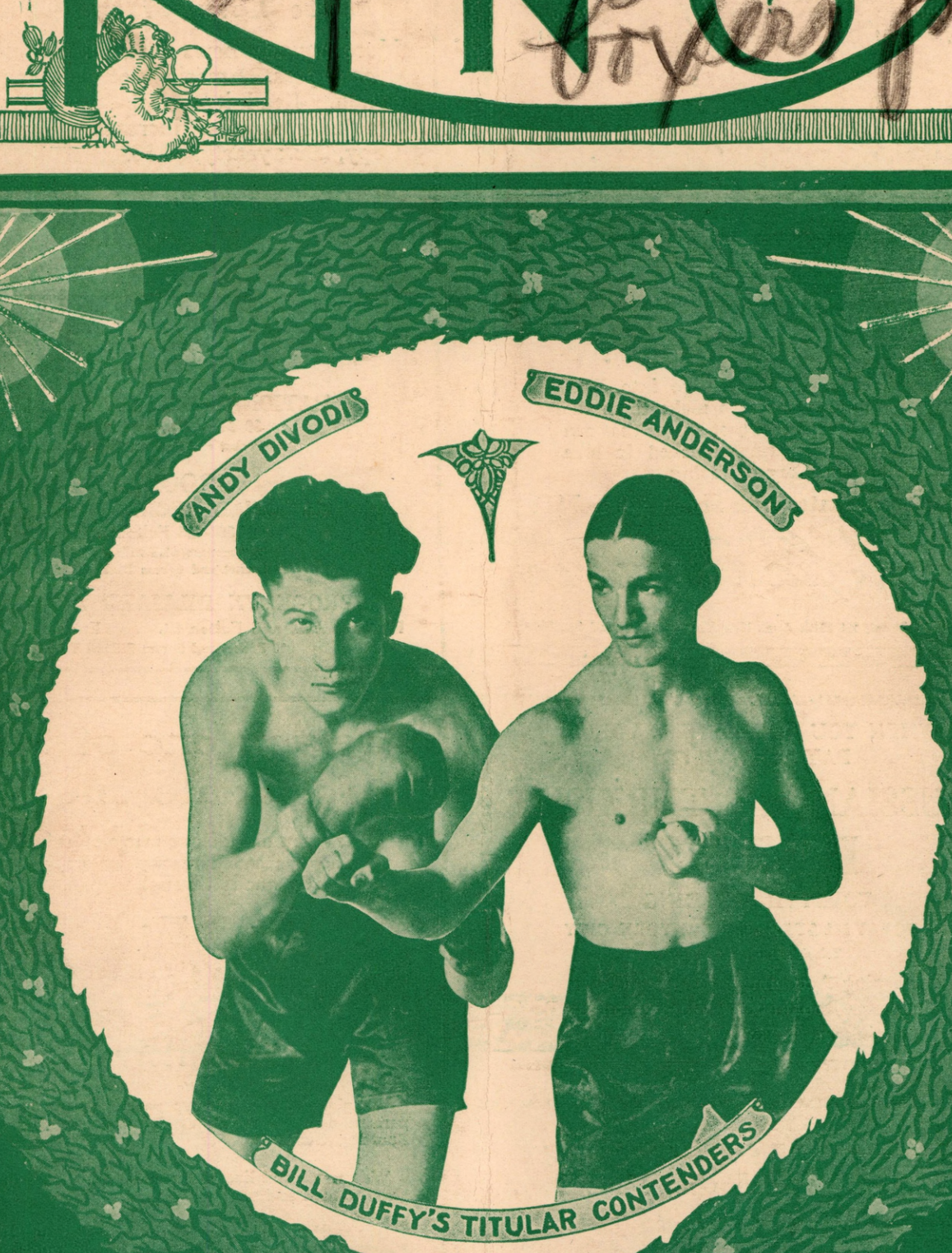

JANUARY, 1926

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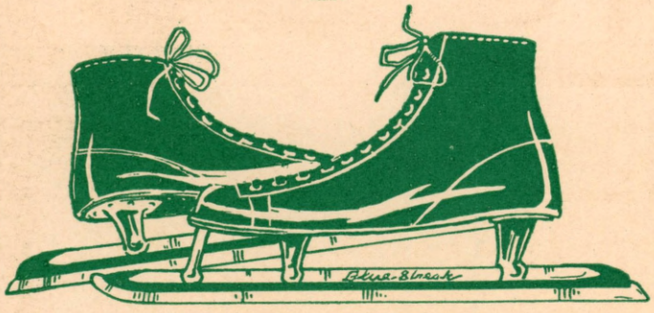

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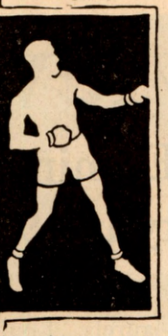

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"Sportsmen's" Rendezvous in Bare Knuckle Days.

Champions and Contenders; The Year 1925 in Review

Six Title Holders Deposed, Two Crowned Through Elimination Tourneys, Several Top Notchers Sent Into Obscurity In 1925

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

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IF the fistic solons had to make an award for the most deserving ring gladiator for 1925 they would have no hesitancy turning over the prize to Paul Berlenbach. The Astoria, L. I., assassin crowned his achievements by dethroning Mike McTigue as the world light heavyweight champion; in the short space of three months he blasted the fond hopes of Jimmy Slattery by knocking him out in eleven rounds and then made a gala entry into the heavyweight ranks battering King Solomon to a pulp.

While Gene Tunney and Harry Wills are knocking at Jack Dempsey's door, there are many—experts and fans alike—who believe it is in the power of Berlenbach to gather in the heavyweight laurels before 1927 rolls around. There is no denying the fact that Berlenbach has improved 100 per cent since the memorable night—March 14, 1924, to be exact—when Jack Delaney flattened him like a pancake in the resin dust in the old Madison Square Garden ring.

Despite the severe setback, Berlenbach continued to plug along as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened and he has nobody but himself to thank for his wonderful comeback. He surmounted many obstacles to get the Delaney match. After the sharp shooting French-Canadian laid him low, the opinion was general that Berlenbach was "washed out," to use a popular Tin Ear Alley expression, meaning that he had seen his best fighting days. His successive triumphs have belied that impression.

It is a far cry from the monotonous wrestling days to a world's title in fistiana! Three years ago Paul hung up his mat togs, cleaned up in the amateur ranks, and encouraged by Dan Hickey, his manager, blazed his way on big time. Although figures are not available, it is reasonable to believe that he has amassed a tidy fortune. He must have added $50,000 to $75,000 to his bank account, his "end" from the McTigue, Slattery, Solomon and Young Marullo battles.

Like Benny Leonard and one or two other wealthy pugilists, Paul will be cutting coupons and living on the fat of the land if the promoters continue to dump oodles of the coin of the realm on his lap. Unlike a great number of champions of another era, Berlenbach makes every dollar work for him. Thrift is his middle name.

Five Champions Beaten

THE year 1925 saw the passing of six champions, coronation of two New York State Athletic Commission title-holders, who have since been recognized by the National Boxing Association, several headliners battered into obscurity, and the demise of two fiery scrappers.

From December 19, 1924, to this writing, Eddie (Cannonball) Martin succeeded Abe Goldstein as king of the bantam roost; Martin, in turn, bowed before the sharpshooting delivery of Charley (Phil) Rosenberg; Tod Morgan, little known except on the Pacific Coast, knocked out Mike Ballerino for the junior lightweight title, and Frankie Genaro trekked all the way to Los Angeles, California, to hand over his mythical flyweight diadem to Fidel La Barba, nineteen-year-old Italian high school lad. As related above, McTigue lost to Berlenbach.

It remained for Johnny Dundee to steal a page out of Jack McAuliffe's book. He emulated the lightweight champion of another era and set precedent in Gotham fisticuffs since the inception of the Walker Law by announcing his retirement as boss of the featherweight division. The ancient Italian informed the New York solons as he no longer could make 126 pounds, he would gladly step down from his throne and live on the glory of undefeated champion. The Commission promptly called him.

A raft of contenders—the word contender is used advisedly—fought for Johnny's vacated laurels. Louis (Kid) Kaplan, pride of Meriden, Conn., created a stir by the splendid manner in which he bowled over his rivals. They fell before his flying fists like so many ten pins. In the finale of the tournament, Kaplan slaughtered Danny Kramer, forcing the Philadelphian's handlers to throw in a towel in token of defeat.

Leonard Retires

WITH no more worlds to conquer, as it were, Benny Leonard decided to turn in his lightweight "shield" Another scramble ensued. Ambitious lightweights rallied to the call. This tourney was not half as interesting as the preceding one. It lacked color. Suffice to state that Jimmy Goodrich, plucky Irishman from Buffalo, emerged victorious, leaving a field of battered victims strewn on the resin floor.

Call it luck if you will, but his indomitable fighting spirit enabled Goodrich to eliminate such hardened warriors as K. O. Jeakle, Eddie Wagner and Benny Valger. His greatest achievement came in the semi-final round. He was 1 to 100 to beat Sammy Mandell. Lady Luck came to Goodrich's rescue when Mandell committed the unpardonable foul.

The Buffalonian came through with colors flying in the grand finale by stopping Stanislaus Loayza. True, Goodrich may never reach the heights ascended by such illustrious predecessors as Kid Lavigne, Joe Gans, Frank Erne, Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast, Willie Ritchie, Freddie Welsh and Leonard, but he will grab a fistful of gold backs before he is turned back.

Father Time with his famous scythe slew a raft of famous gladiators in the last twelve months, and he isn't through by any means. He plays no favorites, hacking them as they come before him pleading mercy.

Prominent among the headliners who have been relegated to the scrap heap are Tom Gibbons, Soldier Bartfield, Charlie Beecher, Pal Moran, Ted (Kid) Lewis, Battling Siki, Jack

Standard Bearers Up to December 1, 1925

1—*Fidel La Barba, flyweight champion;* 2—*Jimmy Goodrich, lightweight;* 3—*Paul Berlenbach, light heavyweight;* 4—*Mike Ballerino, junior lightweight;* 5—*Harry Greb, middleweight;* 6—*Jack Dempsey, heavyweight;* 7—*Charley Rosenberg, bantamweight;* 8—*Kid Kaplan, featherweight; Mickey Walker, welterweight. Ballerino lost his crown on December 2 on the Coast to Tod Morgan.*

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Britton, Jeff Smith, Joe Burman, Charley White, Al Roberts, Johnny Curtin, Willie Davis, Joe Lynch, Johnny Buff, Danny Frush, Sammy Sieger, Bartley Madden, Joe Tiplitz, Danny Lee, Terry Martin, Young Montreal, Johnny Darcy, Boy McCormick, Mel Coogan, Fred Fulton, Dave Rosenberg, Floyd Johnson, Pat Walsh, Ed Garvey, Jimmy Kelly, Kid Norfolk, Frank Carbone and Jamaica Kid.

Dundee Still at It

Time is inexorable and takes the toll of boxers day by day, but standing at the roadside of life, thumbing his fingers at Old Father Time, is Johnny Dundee, the Methuselah of the Mitts. Johnny, alone of the fighting men of fifteen years ago, may make his bow at the New Madison Square Garden in a star role. Dundee was practically through three years ago. The famous Salvation Army motto, "a man may be down but he's never out," fits Johnny's standing in the realm of pugilism perfectly.

Although he took two unmerciful lacings at the hands of Sil Terris and lost to Honey Boy Finnegan, the venerable ringster staged a sensational comeback by whipping Allentown Johnny Leonard.

Villa and Martin Pass Away

GENUINE tears were shed when the distressing news came from California of the sudden death of Pancho Villa, one of a few of the most colorful scrappers in ring history. An ulcerated tooth hastened his death. He refused to postpone his bout with Jimmy McLarnin and courageously fought ten torrid rounds against the socking bantam. The next day he was forced to take to bed. He lingered between life and death for two weeks giving his illness a hard struggle.

The greatest surgeons and doctors that money could buy could not save him. Villa's funeral in Manila was the greatest ever known. A son was born to Mrs. Villa only four days before Pancho passed into the Great Beyond.

The second colorful performer to meet his Maker, was Vincent (Pepper) Martin, of Brooklyn. Pneumonia scored a clean knockout over him. His sudden death cast gloom over Gotham fistiana.

Martin fought them all, thrilling the customers with his marvellous speed and lightning left hooks. In most of his battles he came from behind to win. He was dangerous every second of a bout. His last desperate fight was against Mike Ballerino for the junior lightweight championship.

There were no fatalities (knock wood) in the ring in New York State, the center of American fisticuffs. The game is in a flourishing condition. The revenue for 1925 has exceeded the fondest expectations of the officials.

Most Champions Idle

THE champions as a whole were an idle lot. Dempsey made his peace with the New York board but aside from that he sickened the fight public with his asinine actions. He appeared in several trick exhibitions for the purpose of geting some ready cash. He is property poor.

Berlenbach and Harry Greb were the most active champions. Berly defended his crown against Slattery and Greb chastised Mickey Walker. The latter went out of his class in a herculean effort to accomplish the impossible. He was turned back, beaten to a pulp. True, the once smilin' Mickey was dragged inside the hempen ropes to stake his all against Dave Shade. Walker saved his pugilistic belongings by the skin of his teeth, so to speak. Walker appeared in several bouts at catchweights.

Ballerino gave Pepper Martin a chance. In a rough-and-tumble scrap Mike came out best. Then Mike went to Los Angeles where only a few nights ago he was annihilated by Tod Morgan. The Bayonne, N. J. punching bag got $30,000 for staking his 130-pound laurels against the Seattle lad. Mike got the licking of his life. His seconds tossed in the sponge near the end of the tenth round to save him from getting knocked out. Ballerino reigned for only six months.

Babe Herman had the audacity to face Kaplan in the latter's backyard. Experts to a man thought the Babe won, but the referee, Jack Sheehan, imported from Boston for the occasion, called it a draw. The trick decision put a black eye on boxing in the State of Connecticut.

Charley (Phil) Rosenberg participated in only one titular match. He knocked out Eddie Shea, of Chicago, in four rounds. After that he toured the "sticks." He is in California and may meet Bud Taylor for the title. If the bout is clinched Rosey will be guaranteed $35,000.

Harry Wills, Dempsey's Nemesis, didn't do much fighting. He grabbed a snug sum by knocking out Charley Weinert and added several thousand dollars to his bankroll after he caved in the wreck, Floyd Johnson.

Sensational Upsets

LONG will live in the memories of New York fandom the sensational upsets accomplished by Gene Tunney and Dave Shade. Gentleman Gene created a stir when he laid low Tom Gibbons in the twelfth of fifteen scheduled rounds. Tom boasted the indisputable fact that he had never been knocked off his feet, added to which was the fact of staying fifteen stanzas with Dempsey.

With one full swoop of his right mauler, Gene blasted whatever hopes Tom had of getting a return match with the champion. Tunney is now sitting pretty in an advantageous position clamoring for a shot at the heavyweight title. Gibbons, broken in heart but not in the pocketbook, has retired to the fireside of his wonderful little family.

Now we come to the lantern-jawed and cocky Shade. The Italian Hospital Fund promoters paired him with the reigning sensation in the middleweight division—Jimmy Slattery. You can imagine the thrill and shock that fell on the minds and bodies of the 60,000 spectators when they saw the little, pudgy Dave stretch out the elongated Slats on his all fours in three heats.

Shade, crouching and bobbing, caught Slattery with a long left hook right off the reel. That punch took all the fighting out of Slattery.

Shade's weaving tactics baffled Slattery. Try as he might Jimmy couldn't lay a glove on his elusive opponent. The crowd roared as Shade continued to plaster Slattery all over the ring. Jimmy was a sad looking specimen. Dave brought Slattery down to his size with terrific body blows. In the second round Shade floored his man. A volley of triphammer punches to the midsection finished Jimmy in the third. Shade knocked him down again and as the referee reached "five" a towel came hurtling over the top rope.

* * *

Sid Terris' Rapid Rise

NEXT to Berlenbach, Sid Terris made the greatest fistic strides in 1925. The East Side Will o' The Wisp distinguished himself by turning in twenty odd victories. The only blot on his wonderful record was the decision rendered against him in his thrilling encounter with Sammy Mandell.

Sidney floored the Chicagoan and had him begging for mercy. Instead of rushing in and finishing him ala Leonard, Terris backed away and allowed Mandell to catch his second wind. Apparently the rally staged by the westerner in the last two rounds swayed the officials.

Terris whipped Basil Galiano twice; Jack Bernstein, twice; Lew Paluso,

twice; Jimmy Goodrich and Ace Hudkins. The flashy youngster owns a healthy bankroll. He has saved $50,000.

For the first time in a blue moon California is shouting the praises of five crackerjack performers—"Mushy" Callahan, Fidel La Barba, Tod Morgan, Jimmy McLarnin and Jackie Fields. The quintet comprises the greatest collection of fistic stars developed on the Pacific Coast since the halcyon days of Jimmy Britt, Frankie Neil, Eddie Hanlon, Jim Corbett, Jim Jeffries, Abe Attell and Eddie Campi. Callahan, a twenty-one year old newsie, is the raging sensation.

In the space of three weeks he knocked out Pal Moran and battered Ace Hudkins from pillar to post. Callahan was the first man to stop the rough, tough Moran. LaBarba stunned the populace when he gained the award over Genaro; McLarnin recently stopped Fields, and Morgan came into prominence by whipping Harry Wallach before he dethroned Mike Ballerino as the junior lightweight champion.

Until he ran afoul of McLarnin, Fields was going great guns. McLarnin got his name in the headlines after he trounced Pancho Villa. This was the Filipino's last fight.

* * *

Good Contenders

HOW many titles will change hands in 1926? The question may be answered before the new year is a few weeks old.

The crop of contenders, or challengers, is exceptionally good. At this early time the prediction is made that several upsets will greet the eyes of enthusiasts the country over. Dempsey may abdicate rather than stake his all against Wills; Berlenbach has a severe test coming to him when he faces Jack Delaney; Greb may continue to rule the middleweight roost, and the only man who figures to dispute his long reign is Shade. Delaney is also dangerous if he can make the weight and be himself. Walker hasn't much competition to speak of, with the possible exception of "Mushy" Callahan, Tommy Milligan, Tommy Freeman and possibly Georgie Ward.

Goodrich is going to have his hands full. Terris and Mandell are camping on his trail. His six months' of grace will be up soon. He will face a formidable array. Besides Sid and Sammy, Goodrich will have to show cause against McLarnin, Lucien Vinez, Vicentini, Hudkins, Tommy (Kid) Murphy and so on down the line.

Eddie Anderson, Ruby Goldstein, Danny Kramer, Johnny Drew and Young Datto are among the most prominent gladiators that Mike Ballerino will have to face in defense of his junior lightweight laurels. Kaplan may outgrow the feather division. He meets Babe Herman in a return match at the new Garden.

Honey Boy Finnegan, Eddie Anderson, Bobby Garcia, Tod Morgan, Bud Taylor, Benny Bass and Ray Miller are champing at the bit. Rosenberg must surmount many obstacles in order to retain his title. Eddie Anderson, Chick Suggs, Johnny Brown, Bushey Graham, Dixie Lahood, Frankie Genaro and Pete Sarmiento—all have a chance to dethrone him.

A return bout between Genaro and La Barba for the flyweight championship will be a classic. Other rivals for the 112-pound laurels include Ernie Jarvis, Black Bill, Tommy Milton, Emil Paluso, Sencio Moldez and Newsboy Brown.

While on the flyweights, a word or two in praise of Jarvis is in order. The gritty little Englishman since his arrival in New York has perked up the division considerable. His success has enabled the small clubs to show figures on the right side of the ledger.

* * *

Contenders Listed

THE contenders in the various divisions follow:

Heavyweight—Harry Wills, Gene Tunney, Jim Malone, Sully Montgomery, Bud Gorman, King Solomon, George Godfrey, Bob Fitzsimmons, Ad Stone, Young Stribling, Jack Sharkey, Sandy Seifert.

Light Heavyweight—Jack Delaney, Mike McTigue, Harry Greb, Tommy Loughran, Eddie Huffman, Jimmy Slattery, Frank Moody, Maxey Rosenblum, Yale Okun.

Middleweight—Jack Delaney, Dave Shade, Jimmy Slattery, Tiger Flowers, Frank Moody, Jock Malone, Leo Lomski, Tommy Milligan, Johnny Wilson, Phil (K. O.) Kaplan, Maxey Rosenblum.

Welterweight—Georgie Ward, Jack Zivic, Tommy Milligan, Sailor Friedman, "Mushy" Callahan, Pete Latzo, Tommy Freeman, Lew Tendler, Joe Dundee, Sergeant Sammy Baker, Jack McVey, K. O. Leonard, Buddy McDonald, George Lavigne, W. Harmon.

Lightweight—Sid Terris, Sammy Mandell, Stanislaus Loayza, Jimmy McLarnin, Lucien Vinez, Ace Hudkins, Solly Seeman, Luis Vicentini, Tommy (Kid) Murphy, Jack Bernstein, Andy Devodi, Harry Felix, Basil Galiano, Charley Rosen, Johnny Rocco, Lew Paluso, Red Herring.

Junior Lightweight—Eddie Anderson, Ruby Goldstein, Carl Duane, Danny Kramer, Kid Roy, Len Kemp, Johnny Drew, Joe Glick, Young Datto, Jackie Fields, Joie Celmars, Jack Salas.

Featherweight — Babe Herman, Honey Boy Finnegan, Benny Bass, Eddie Anderson, Carl Tremaine, Red Chapman, Bobby Garcia, Walter Price, Bud Taylor, Vic Foley, Lew Hurley, Ray Miller, Petie Mack, Georgie Balduc.

Bantamweight—Chick Suggs, Eddie Anderson, Johnny Brown, Bushey Graham, Dixie La Hood, Vic Burrone, Eddie O'Dowd, Frankie Genaro, Pete Sarmiento, Willie Shugrue, Lew Perfetti, Young Datto, Archie Bell, Sammy Shack, Andy Martin, Eddie Shea, Earl McArthur, Kid Carlin.

Flyweight—Frankie Genaro, Ernie Jarvis, Black Bill, Tommy Milton, Corporal Izzy Schwartz, Emil Paluso, Al Brown, Sencio Moldez, Newsboy Brown.

* * *

Promising Youngsters

THE list of promising youngsters follows:

Heavyweight—Johnny Grosso, Jim Sigman, Eric Peterson, Arthur De Kue.

Light Heavyweight — Nick Fadil, Tony Clifford, Dick Kenny, George Smith, Mike Kearns, Paul Cavalier, Billy Vidabeck, Jack De Mave.

Middleweight—Lew Warshaw, Jack Willis, Ed Bitzell, Jimmy Francis.

Welterweight—Harry Ebbetts, Joe Marino, Jack Rappaport.

Lightweight—Russel Whalen, Paul Gulotta, Henny Goldberg, Matty Mario, Billy Petrolle, Sammy Vogel.

Junior Lightweight—Willie Beetle, Tommy Gervel, Johnny Gocinsky, Tony Picciano, Phil Citrin.

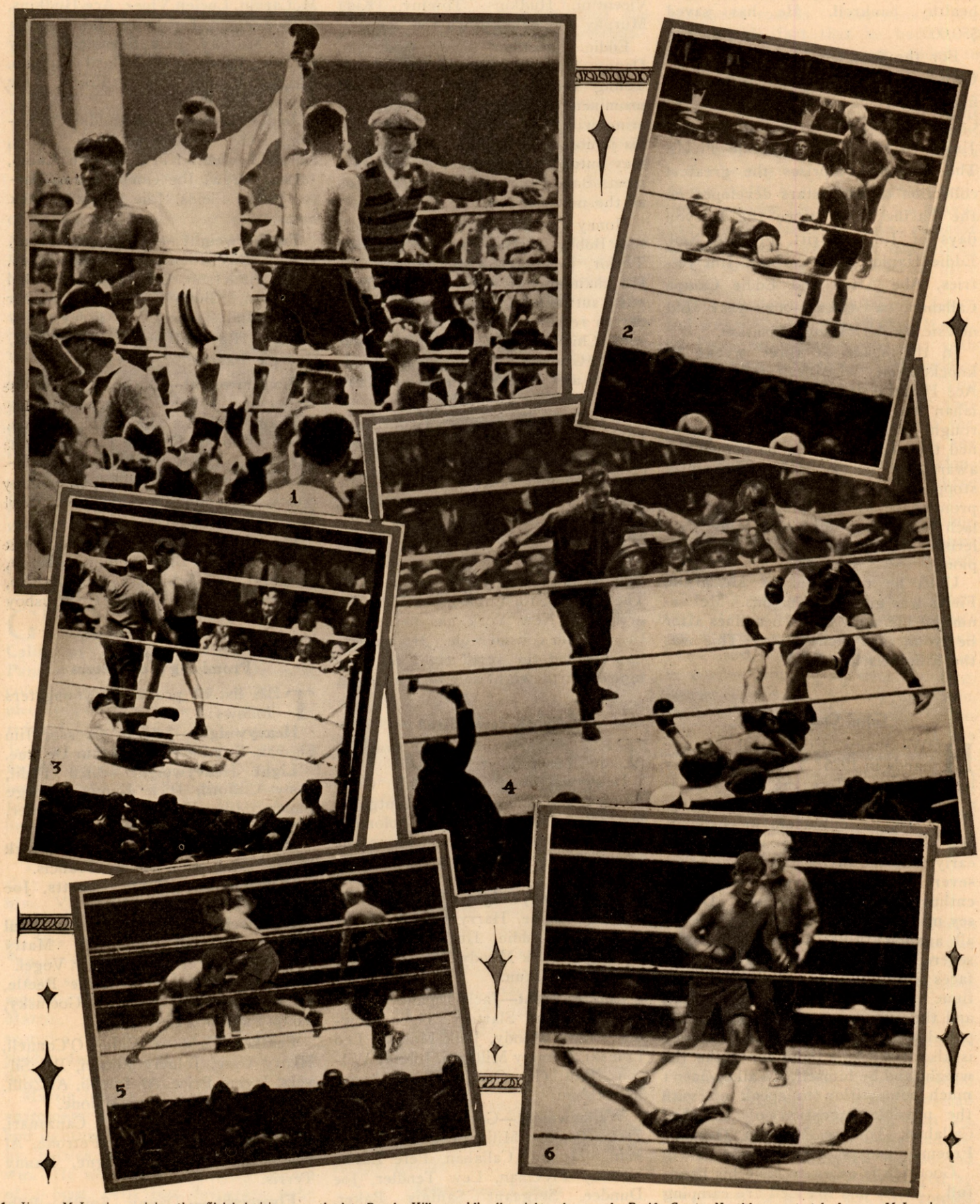
Featherweight — Willie O'Connell, Henry Usse, Johnny Filucci, Pal Silvers, Irving Price, Al Tripoli, Al Zolli, Jimmy Sakamoto, Joe Malone.

Bantamweight — Tony Canzanari, Milton Cohen, Dominick Petrone, Al Goldberg, Armand Lavigne, Danny Terris.

Flyweight — Danny Smith, Billy Kelly, Sammy Tisch, Frankie Bauman, Georgie Mack, Bobby Bolin, Joie Ross.

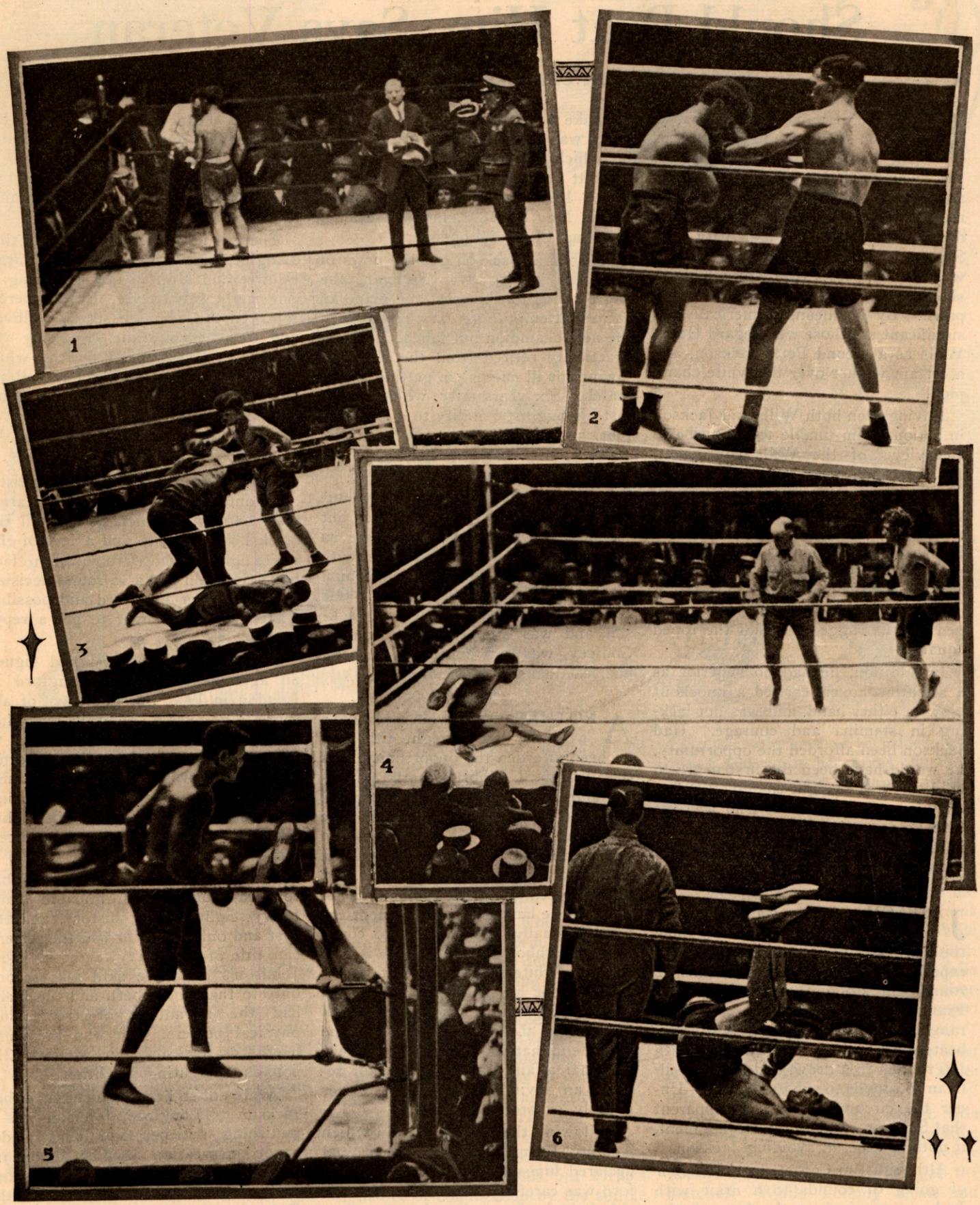
(*Continued on page* 38)

Historic Ring Battles of 1925



1—*Jimmy McLarnin receiving the official decision over the late Pancho Villa, world's flyweight ruler, on the Pacific Coast. No title was at stake because McLarnin came in over-weight.* 2—*Jimmy Slattery is shown mutely protesting to Referee Patsy Haley when he was jostled to the floor by Paul Berlenbach. The action occurred in the round previous to Slattery's knockout—the tenth.* 3—*Gene Tunney being directed to an opposite corner after dropping Tom Gibbons for the final count.* 4—*Dave Shade shown scoring knockdown over Jimmy Slattery, the Buffalo idol, in the first round of their conflict at the Italian Fund Show.* 5—*Mickey Walker is seen ready to deliver one of his kidney blows on the unprotected side of Dave Shade. Shade's peculiar bobbing defense made him a difficult target.* 6—*The finishing punch that caused Eddie Shea to be counted out in his bout with Charley (Phil) Rosenberg at the New York Velodrome.*

Great Moments in Great 1925 Battles



1—*The last of the Mohicans. Taps sounded at the start of the Johnny Dundee-Sid Terris fight, the final contest in old Madison Square Garden. Joe Humphries announcing the principals.* 2—*One of the few left jabs that Mike McTigue used against the bull-dog rushes of Mickey Walker in their Newark bout, which Mickey won.* 3—*Jimmy Goodrich scoring a knockout over Stanislaus Loayza in the final lightweight elimination contest, giving Goodrich the title vacated by Benny Leonard.* 4—*The late Vincent (Pepper) Martin being dropped by Mike Ballerino in their bout. Martin died one week after this bout.* 5—*Charley Weinert knocked through the ropes by Harry Wills in their Milk Fund fight at the Polo Grounds.*—6 —*Jack Burke knocked out by Jimmy Slattery in the Yankee Stadium.*

Jack Dempsey Is Wills' Master—Should Beat Him, Says Veteran

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

BLACK, to move, white to win? Which shall it be in the impending battle between Jack Dempsey, world's heavyweight champion, and Harry Wills, who signed articles recently to engage in a ten round no-decision affair in Michigan City next September? In the opinion of the writer Dempsey, the white knight, should triumph over Wills, the black pawn. By no means numerically insignificant are those who regard Harry Wills as a second Peter Jackson, and a certain winner over the white champion.

Having seen both Wills and Jackson in action, I am unable to subscribe to the views of the Wills contingent. Peter Jackson unquestionably was one of the greatest heavyweight boxers, black or white, in the history of pugilism. Physically he was an ideal heavyweight, standing half an inch above six feet, weighing in condition for the ring 195 pounds and, possessing speed and endurance, was well equipped for the rugged work of the roped square.

In addition, he had no superior as a scientific boxer, carried a knockout blow in either hand, and was not lacking in stamina and courage. Had Jackson been afforded the opportunity, he would have been the first negro to hold the heavyweight championship of America. But Sullivan, who was the title holder at the time Jackson was in his prime, resolutely refused to make a match with the dangerous black.

JACKSON not only was the champion of Australia, but he gained the heavyweight championship of Europe by knocking out Jem Smith in 2 rounds and stopping the heavy hitting Frank Slavin in 10 rounds. Jake Kilrain, the ablest heavyweight ever beaten by Sullivan, fought Jem Smith 106 rounds to a draw, and it took Sullivan 75 rounds to subdue Kilrain. Under the circumstances it is apparent that Sullivan exercised good judgment, if nothing else, in avoiding Jackson.

Although Jim Corbett had the honor of going 61 rounds to a draw with Jackson, previous to the former's defeat of Sullivan, yet after Gentleman Jim became champion, he also declined to make a match with Jackson. The latter was at his best in 1892, the year in which Corbett stopped Sullivan. Corbett became champion on September 7, 1896, and Jackson had beaten Slavin May 30, 1892, in the National Sporting Club of London.

As soon as Jackson got the news of Corbett's victory over Sullivan, the negro sailed for America and made an earnest attempt to get on a match with the new champion but failed. Jackson practically retired from the ring following his ill success in getting a title match. Six years later, when he had lost his pugilistic ability to a large extent, he went into the ring with Jim Jeffries in San Francisco and was stopped in 3 rounds.

In his prime Jackson not only outclassed the white heavyweights, but the heavies of his own race were so far below him they did not care, with one exception, to even challenge him. George Godfrey, known as "Old Chocolate," accepted a bout with Jackson and was stopped in 19 rounds. Godfrey was an expert boxer and puzzled Jackson for a time.

ANOTHER negro who could have won the heavyweight title had he been afforded the opoprtunity, was Sam Langford. Short, squatty, powerful and a hitter of terrific force, he was the outstanding figure in the heavyweight class at the time Jim Jeffries retired from the ring in 1905. Langford was not a clever boxer, but he had speed and great combativeness.

When he landed on an opponent the referee usually was required to count in the neighborhood of ten. It is true that the white heavies of that period were a poor lot, with Tommy Burns, Marvin Hart and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in the van. When it came to an elimination tournament, a very informal affair, Langford did not receive an invitation to attend, either socially or professionally.

Following the tournament, in which Tommy Burns was the winner, and declared himself the champion, Langford was carefully avoided by the new title holder. Burns found easier game in Bill Squires, champion of Australia, whom he knocked out in bouts in America, France and Australia. He also knocked out Gunner Moir, champion of England, and thus acquired a world's title with less effort than had ever before accompanied the gaining of the honor.

There is not the slightest doubt that Langford would have stopped Burns, Squires and Moir in the same ring in one night. However, Burns merely followed the example set by Sullivan and drew the color line. Not only was Langford side stepped by the white champion, but in 1908, after Jack Johnson had easily divested Burns of his title, Langford was unable to get a match with Johnson.

THE Tar Baby was a pugilistic outcast, and ended his ring career with battles in which he met all the black heavyweights and a few of the white fighters who were willing to face him. Johnson had a 15 round decision on points over Langford and possibly wanted the challenger to get a reputation.

At all events Johnson had signed an agreement to meet Langford in London in 1908, but got leave of absence to go over to Australia and whip Burns. The big black promised to return to London immediately after chastising Burns and attend to Langford but he failed to do so, and Langford has always insisted that Johnson had reason to fear a second meeting.

Next to Peter Jackson, Jack Johnson was the most formidable black heavyweight in ring history, and the first and only negro to win the American title of the heavyweight division. Johnson's defensive skill was second only to that of Corbett, and the black had the advantage of tremendous physical powers. He was the same height as Jackson, but weighed 210 pounds in fighting condition.

While not so heavy a hitter as either Jackson or Langford, Johnson was a punishing puncher and usually depended on wearing down his opponents until they were ready for the finishing stroke. Owing to trouble with the Federal authorities, Johnson was compelled to keep off American soil for several years, and as his title did him

Will They Ever Meet? - - - *By Ed Hughes*

no financial good he finally consented to let Willard have the championship for a consideration.

Johnson's bout with Jeffries in 1910 was not a true test of the negro's skill, for the former champion was not in condition to fight any boxer of ability at that time. It is a matter of current belief that Jeff made the match only when he felt sure that the negro would be a complaisant victim. When the Boilermaker discovered that he was the loser in a double cross puzzle he was decidedly downhearted and was down for the count in the bargain. There is small doubt that Johnson in the form he showed at Reno would have defeated Jeffries the best day that fighter ever saw.

WILLS has the physical qualifications of the great trio who preceded him, but he is neither the hitter nor boxer that Jackson, Langford and Johnson were when at their best. In fact Langford knocked out Wills in 19 rounds, in 1916, this being a period in which the Tar Baby retained much of his early good form.

In later years when Langford had seriously deteriorated, Wills defeated him a number of times. There is not among the negro heavies beaten by Wills one of the ability of Jackson, Johnson or Langford when that trio were in top fighting form.

Wills has failed to defeat a white heavyweight approaching the form of Dempsey, Gene Tunney, Tom Gibbons or even Renault, and the negro's victories over Madden, Weinert, Floyd Johnson and Firpo did not add to Wills' fame. Wills has depended for success in the ring on his aptitude for holding and hitting. He held Fulton about the neck with his left and hammered him into submission with right hand body blows. Wills put Firpo's right out of commission by the simple method of shoving his left arm under the Wild Bull's right armpit. Firpo's right, his sole method of attack, was spiked and while he stayed the limit he did not succeed in damaging the negro.

WILLS will be unable to tie up the hands of either Gibbons or Dempsey, and the consensus among fight experts seems to be that the negro would be outpointed by Gibbons and put to sleep by Dempsey. Wills is the only negro heavyweight of prominence now in the ring and if he fails to win the title, it will be a long time before any representative of the negro race will develop into a challenger.

In other classes, negroes have been so far above their rivals as to make matches out of the question.

Joe Walcott won the welter title and could have captured the middle, light heavy and possibly the heavy honors had he been able to get the matches. While Tommy Ryan and Kid McCoy were posing as middle-

(*Continued on page* 38)

The Nativity

By Norman Daly

COME, Ye Boxers, High and Lowly,
Come, Ye Men of the Canvased Ring;
For this is a Day most Holy—
It is the Birthday of the King.
Forget Your Strifes and Tribulations,
And Bow to Him by Heaven Adored;
Come, Your Circle in Adoration;
Fighting Hearts that Love the Lord.
Sing, all Ye Fighting Men,
To the Babe of Bethlehem.

COME, Contenders, of no Pompous Station,
Come, Champions, both Big and Small.
He, the Lord of all Salvation
Beckons to You, One and All.
O, Boxers, gather round, Behold Him;
In a Stable Cold and Bare;
See the Shepherds; God has told Them
That the Prince of Life lies There.
Bow, all Ye Fighting Men,
Before the Babe of Bethlehem.

COME, Ye Sportsmen, Blithe and Merry,
Raise Your Eyes to Him, and Sing;
Have Your Christmas Carols Bury
The Roar and Clamor of the Ring:
Come, Ye Fighting Hearts, but Tender;
Come, Ye Warriors, Brave and Bold;
All in All Your Homage Render,
Rich and Poor, and Young and Old.
Pray, all Ye Fighting Men,
To the Babe of Bethlehem.

A STAR is Shining in the Night,
And the Wise Men Haste from Far;
Cease, O Boxers,—Stop the Fight,
And Turn Your Eyes upon the Star.
Offer up Your Poor Oblations,
Thanks and Love, and Faith and Praise;
Come, Ye Ringmen, of all Nations;
All in All Draw Nigh to Gaze.
Kneel, all Ye Fighting Men,
Before the Babe of Bethlehem.

HARK! a Greater Gong is Ringing;
Christ the Lord to Man is Born!
O, Fighters, are not Your Hearts Asinging—
Welcome, Welcome, Christmas Morn?
And the Child, all Power Possessing,
Has a Place in Heaven for Thee.
So Sing Your Song of Christmas Blessing
To Mankind's Great Referee.
Worship, all Ye Fighting Men,
The Blessed Babe of Bethlehem.

Frank Slavin Denies Stories of Begging To Be Sent Back to Sydney

By EDWARD MERRILL

FRANK SLAVIN, the Sydney Cornstalk, is not destitute in Vancouver, B. C. Slavin is not broken in health and begging for a chance to be sent back to his native Australia. Slavin says all of that himself in a letter to the editor of The Ring, in which he denies stories which have been circulated about him for several years.

In a recent issue of The Ring Slavin's career as a boxer was lauded and, on alleged information obtained from boxing enthusiasts in Vancouver, it was stated that he was in a bad way in health and finance. An effort was made through The Ring to enlist financial support for Slavin. It was the intention of The Ring to start a subscription for the old Australian heavyweight. Since Slavin says he needs no help The Ring wants to express its extreme satisfaction.

But it wishes to make it plain to Slavin and its readers that no slight or criticism of Slavin was intended. This magazine desired to help Slavin if he needed help.

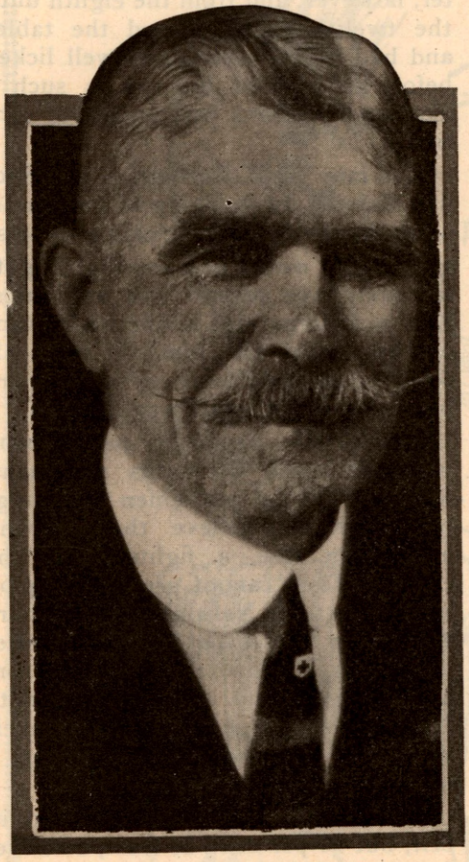
* * *

The Slavin Letter

I HAVE before me a copy of your sporting paper "The Ring," dated October, 1925, and on page 8 you have a picture of myself in fighting pose, and headed in big type: 'Frank Slavin, broken in health and penniless, begs to be sent back to Australia.' There is not one word of truth in the story.

"My family landed here in Victoria in July, 1899. I preceded them by two years and went into the Yukon, Klondike, before the rush of 1898. My family has practically lived here ever since and so have I, with the exception of being called away on business and to serve overseas in the war.

"If your story was printed in the Australian sporting papers it must have been placed there by a member of the staff of the steamship 'Aorangi' of Union Company of New Zealand. When she docks here at our outer wharves in this city the boat connects up with the land telephone company's service in our city and he saw my name in the telephone directory. He called me up and asked me if I was the old champion, Frank P. Slavin (this was on the 14th of January last), of Australia. I told him I was. He asked me to come down and come aboard. I said, 'How long will your boat stay in dock?' and he said 'they would pull out in twenty minutes.' I said I could not



Frank P. Slavin, world war hero, as he looks today. He is pursuing his vocation of mechanical engineer in Canada, where he is an honored citizen.

make it in time, as I lived three miles from the outer wharves where the boat docked.

* * *

Had Started Testimonial

HE asked me what I was doing and I told him I had retired. He said, 'would I not like to make a trip back to Australia.' I said, 'it would give me the joy of my life, but it meant more money than I could afford to take myself, wife and two unmarried daughters with me.' He told me that they had started a testimonial in Australia on my behalf on account of service to the Empire in the Great War, and when he got back to Sydney, N. S. W., Australia he would investigate.

"I was to write him care of Sydney Stadium, Rush Cutters Bay, Sydney. I did so and he has been over twice since then on the S. S. 'Aorangi.'

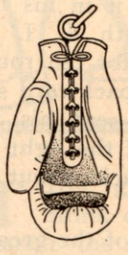
"I have always lived a clean and upright life with my wife and family of four children—one son aged 26 when killed in the Great War; a married daughter with family; two girls, single, aged 17 and 20 respectively, living at home. They insist on a contradiction of the article complained of.

"I enlisted in 1905 and went to the war at 54 years of age and put in a year in the trenches in France and Flanders and was invalided home through sickness; and our government is made up of true Canadian and British stock and they will not see one of a family of two men who did their bit suffer from the effects of war service without seeing him well pensioned and provided for; also the mother who lost her only son in helping to keep our Empire free of tyrannical monarchy.

"I have lived a clean life with my wife and family for the past 36 years and that is a record for a man in the late profession I followed as a boxer and prize fighter. I am respected here and in all countries I have traversed; bar the United States, and I presume that is because I made the American Idol John T. crawl into his hole in March, 1891, and again in 1892.

"A man must be judged by his actions and not by hearsay.

FRANK P. SLAVIN."



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Just An Earful

By TAD

New York Evening Journal's Famous Cartoonist and Sports Expert—Used by Permission of the King Features Service

TAD

A FIGHTING heart! That is what makes a real fighter. For many weeks following the defeat of Georges Carpentier by Gene Tunney, the sporting world was ablaze with the great display of gameness by Carpentier in the tenth round of his fight with Gene Tunney. Knocked down, cut, bleeding, and so far gone that he couldn't find his opponent for the moment, the gallant Frenchman, instead of flopping for the count, stood up, clinched, and then, when his head cleared a bit, tore in like a lion and not only held his own but outfought his opponent. That is what made Carpentier the great drawing card that he is.

Without such a fighting heart few boxers get very far.

Terry McGovern had one. He showed it in his first fight with Oscar Gardner, when he was floored and climbed up Gardner's legs and later on knocked his man out.

Bat Nelson showed it with Eddie Hanlon when, in the twelfth round, he was so badly licked that the police threatened to stop the "go," he came on again and a bit later won with a K. O.

Jimmy Britt showed it in his fight with Young Corbett. For nine or ten rounds he was battered from post to post, his eyes almost closed, and his face cut and puffed, but he kept on. He traded punch for punch, and in the last five rounds backed Corbett up.

Kid Lavigne showed it in his fight with Walcott at Maspeth, L. I. He took a fearful grueling for ten rounds or so, but never took a backward step. He took all that was sent his way and in the latter part of the fight was chasing the sturdy black about the ring.

Jim Corbett says one of the greatest fights he ever saw was the one between Frank Erne and Joe Gans, in which Gans was forced to quit in the twelfth round when his eye was cut so badly he couldn't see.

CORBETT says that for seven rounds Erne took a fearful licking at the hands of Gans. The latter punished the Buffalo fighter about the face and body in a terrible fashion. Corbett says he cannot understand how a human being could stand it. Erne kept after the old master, however, and from the eighth until the twelfth round turned the tables and had Gans wobbly and well licked before he slashed his eye in such a manner that Gans was unable to continue.

The late W. F. Corbett, in the Sydney Referee, in speaking of gameness, wrote in one of his articles, as follows:

"He who would be a top-flight fighter must have several star attributes. The most important is one which cannot be drilled into him. It must already be there. Gameness scores more points than any other qualification.

"There are, probably, people who will not agree with this statement. Some thoughtful gentlemen with bulging foreheads believe that, beyond everything else, a fighter must be clever. They cannot see a champion of the Battling Nelson sort any more than their prototypes of the eighties could see a topnotcher of the Ironbark Burge brand. For all that, both Nelson and Burge got there in their days, and remained there for quite a good while.

"Cleverness is a great thing in itself, but 90 per cent, at least, of clever boxers sacrifice power for speed, and give more attention to evading punishment than serving it out.

"Many a good boxer has been seen leaping backward and stepping to the side when he must have been much more profitably employed fighting his man.

"Australia is full of what might be termed moving picture boxers who can hardly hit with force enough to make a hole in the atmosphere.

"They know all about the block, the side-step, the back-move and the light left jab, rendered lighter still through the fact that it is pulled back while being launched owing to the deliverer of the blow desiring to be as far away from his opponent as possible when that individual attempts to retaliate.

"SO much for cleverness as the alleged chief asset. Other ring men incline more to the wallop.

"Every man with a 13 boot, 7½ hat and a 19 collar thinks a fighter should have the convincing punch. So?

"Well, there have been many weighty hitters who never got anywhere. We had one in Sydney who possessed a ten seconds' sleep tabloid in either glove, and what he could do when one or other upholstered fist made fair contact was seen more than once, but he never amounted, and never could amount, to anything better than a trial horse, because his heart was not there.

"Any time any opponent slapped the individual in my mind on the bridge of the nose, he was sure to begin to back up. He might have been depended upon to fight like a tiger until he was stung.

"The punch, therefore, is not the only thing.

"Gameness stands ahead of all attributes of the boxer, and that must be born in the man.

"We have heard, at long intervals, of boxers who, though fainthearted naturally, schooled themselves into standing the gaff. This degree of moral courage is commendable, but it is not exactly like the old bulldog grit bred in a fighter.

"Many a man can be game when he sees a good chance to win, but it takes a stout heart to carry one away from one's corner, round after round, through a losing fight. You may teach a man to be clever; some say they learned how to deliver a finishing punch, but there is no school the wide universe over where heart can be developed. The chief requisite of a fighter accompanies him when he crosses the threshold of the world.

"I, as an old-timer, though I cannot bring myself to believe I am such, remember how the grit of old Ironbark Jem Burge won him many a battle. It was nothing but the pluck of grizzly Joe Goddard, the Barrier champion of thirty-three, or more, years since, that effected the downfall of clever, hard-hitting Joe Choynski, Mick Dooley, Owen Sullivan, Tom Lees, Jack Ash-

(*Continued on page* 38)

My Hardest Fight

By MATTY MATTHEWS

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IMAGINE a dingy basement in an old house on New York city's lower East Side, lighted by a few dirty oil lamps hanging on the walls. In the middle of the dreary cellar a group of perhaps two hundred spectators, arranged to form a hollow square, watching two slim boys battling desperately, their bare knuckles as bloody as their battered faces. The only halt to the brutal match comes when one or the other is dropped to the rough hard floor, and they take turns sinking to the ground from blows and exhaustion until one is finally forced to quit.

There you have the scene of my first and hardest professional fight—a twelve-round knockout I scored over Johnny Bennis in the basement of the Clinton A. C. I was eighteen years old at the time. Yet I often hear it said that the boxing game has not softened any during the past thirty years.

Let me go back a bit to the events leading up to my entry into the ranks of professional fighters. I married when I was eighteen, and the added responsibilities of family life were not lightened a bit by the $35 a month salary I received for driving a truck for a tea warehouse. But handling cases of tea—hundreds of them a day—gave me a set of muscles which stood me in good stead when I decided to become a professional fighter.

IT was Eagle-eyed Charley White who got me into the boxing game. He was attracted by my ability and urged me to take up the game.

I agreed—and that bare knuckle, finish fight with Johnny Bennis in the basement of the Clinton A. C. was the "trial" match White rigged up for me! It was the acid test if there ever was one.

Professional boxing was illegal then, so the bout in point was held in secrecy, only members of the club being admitted. Men of wealth and big politicians made up most of the gathering.

It was a terrific fight Johnny and I put up. I realized that my whole future as a boxer depended on the showing I made against the more experienced Bennis, and I determined to show Charley White that I was the goods.

A Great Battler—By Dick Dorgan.

We stood toe to toe and slugged away, now Bennis taking a short count on the uncovered floor, now I going under. Finally my opponent collapsed from sheer exhaustion in the twelfth session. He had to be taken to a hospital, where he spent four months in recovering. My face was in terrible shape after the battle and I was unable to work for three weeks.

THAT go with Bennis I always think of as my hardest. But it wasn't the only tough battle I was destined to go through during the next thirteen years. I think my career had more than the usual allotment of thrills.

I got one, for example, in the fight which won the welterweight title for me from Mysterious Billy Smith at

(*Continued on page* 21)

Deaf, But Not So Dumb

A Tale of the Squared Circle—Part I

By FRANK GRAHAM

IF he ever loses his voice," said Jerry Clark, "he'll lose his title." "But he don't even show signs of gettin' hoarse," was Johnny Mercer's observation.

Clark and Mercer, managers and exploiters of boxers on the "ham and egg" circuit, were seated at a table in a corner of "Specs" Dougherty's place in Hammersville, a mill city that rears its tall chimneys into the smoke laden air some five hours from Chicago as the Hammersville accomodation meanders.

Clark, tall, lean, clean shaven and thin lipped, was the older of the two. Forty years of living chiefly by his wits had sharpened his features but after the manner of most of his kind, his eyes formed a placid blue screen for the operations of his nimble brain. Mercer was considerably shorter than his partner and his figure was almost rotund. His round, smoothly shaven face frequently was creased by a smile and his eyes, dark and twinkling, seemed never to be at rest but to carry his gaze jerkily about, especially when any one was talking to him. Clark and Mercer had been together for years. To expect to see one without the other was to expect to see a picture of only one Smith brother on a box of cough drops.

Dougherty's, where they ate three times a day unless the state of their finances dictated less frequent appearances at the board, or their business affairs took them beyond the precincts of Hammersville, once had been a saloon but in later years, to conform with a famous piece of legislation, it had been converted into a restaurant.

ITS walls were hung with pictures of ring champions from Sullivan to Dempsey, of turf kings from Irish Lad to Zev, with here and there the likeness of some ball players, an actress or two and a "lady" bag puncher. On this particular evening Dougherty's was filled with a noisy crowd that talked of many things but principally of fighters, horses and the ball games.

At one table sat Barney Barstow who, in his day, was in the first flight of middle western middleweights but who now was a gross old man with a battered face and a mind that travelled chiefly back to the days when all the world was young to him and he was a terror with his fists.

"The fighters these days don't compare with the old timers," he was telling a group of youngsters who didn't appear to take much stock in what he was saying. "They're smarter, maybe, but that's all. All they think about is money. They don't get the fun out of fighting that we used to and that's why they ain't so good. Gimme a week's training and I could lick half of 'em at any weight."

At another table near by sat a rat faced young man who was discoursing on the respective merits of two nationally famous thoroughbreds that soon were to meet in a match race at a Kentucky track. Voices from this table and that rose loud in praise, disparagement or argument; but to these voices and the continual clatter of dishes and glassware Clark and Mercer paid not the slightest heed. They were talking of Pat Riley, heavyweight champion of the state and to them the subject was a very serious one.

THE RING with this issue returns to its old policy of printing fiction and it is pleased to present a most interesting tale by Frank Graham, one of the most capable of the younger writers on sport in this country. Mr. Graham's work as a member of the staff of the New York Sun long has been a feature of Metropolitan sporting journalism. His story will be run serially, in three parts.

PAT long since had passed the peak of his fighting form but he clung to his title through countless battles with vigorous youngsters because the power that had seeped out of his punches seemed to have centered in his tongue. It was said of Pat that he could talk his way out of any jam; that his taunts were sharper than his jabs, his insults more crushing than his hooks. More than one youthful contender for the championship had had Pat in a bad way, only to lose his head under a withering fire of ridicule or abuse from the champion. To listen to Pat in the ring was to lose to him.

There had been Gene Somers, for instance. In the eighth round of his bout with Somers, Pat undoubtedly had been on the verge of a knockout but his bleeding lips had parted in a sneer and his voice, rasping, penetrating, had reached the ears of his opponent through the din of the crowd. Riley had talked his way through the round and at the end of it Somers, his confidence shaken, had lost his chance. He had been so busy wondering whether he really had hurt Riley and trying to think of something to say to him in answer to his gibes that his mind had strayed from the business of knocking him out.

Two rounds later there had been no need for him to think at all. He lay on the floor of the ring oblivious of the battered champion who had grinned at him as he had turned to crawl through the ropes.

There had been, too, young Billy Daniels. Billy had knocked out a number of more or less promising heavyweights and had come to the notice of Clark and Mercer, who had taken him under their joint management and matched him with Riley. Other proteges of Clark and Mercer had failed to wrest the title from Riley, who had sneered at them as he dropped their beaten men almost in their faces as they peered upward through the ropes.

IN Daniels the pair had felt they had found at last the man to stop the chattering champion but Daniels had been a disappointment. In spite of warnings not to listen to Riley; in spite even, of bits of cotton stuffed into his ears as a precautionary measure—one of these had fallen out under a jarring punch, causing Riley to laugh and the ringside watchers to hoot—he had listened and, listening, had lost. The truth of the matter was that Daniels, an imaginative chap, had heard so much about Riley's tongue that he had been very badly rattled when he entered the ring.

So Clark and Mercer planned and schemed, seeking a way to beat Riley. To do so means to swell their roll,

which rapidly was thinning and, in the bargain, to have the laugh on Riley, who so often had had the laugh on them.

"No," went on Mercer, "we can't count on Riley losing his voice. But what a clean up we could make around here if we could dig up a guy that wouldn't pay no attention to him. What we need is a fighter who can remember the old gag about 'Sticks and stones will break my bones but words will never hurt me.'

"Or a guy that couldn't understand him—say, a foreigner who didn't know English or—I've got it! Why didn't we think of it before? Oh boy!"

CLARK threw back his head and laughed. Then he sat grinning at his partner for a moment.

"What?" asked Mercer. "What's the idea? Tell me, so we can both laugh."

"Why, a deaf and dumb guy!"

Mercer banged the table, causing the dishes thereon to rattle and diners at neighboring tables to look at them curiously.

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "A dummy. Wait a minute. Lemme think."

He thought undisturbed for a moment or two.

"I know the feller we want," he said, suddenly.

"Who?"

"Dummy Marshall of Chicago. Ever see him work?"

"No, but I've heard of him. He must be a pretty good boy."

"He is," responded Mercer. "Won't Riley feel like a mugg when he finds himself in the ring with a fellow he can't talk to?"

"Listen," said Clark, leaning across the table. "You don't quite get the idea. Riley ain't to know he's fightin' a dummy. Don't you see? He'll just keep talking away at him and it won't have no effect. When he sees he's wastin' his breath and his wise cracks ain't gettin' him nowhere, he'll start to worry and when he does that, he's gone."

"Jerry," said Mercer, solemnly, "you win. You're smarter than I thought you was. I admit, from now on, you're the brains of this combination."

THE conspirators discussed the details of their plan, chuckling now and then over the surprise they had in store for Riley.

"We'll clean up on this one, sure," said Mercer. "We'll give Marshall a 'phoney name and spread a tip that he's just a big, strong sap from the rollin' mills. That'll make the odds about 5 to 1 on Riley. If we can scrape up a few dollars and bet them at those odds we'll drag down a bunch of dough.

The next day found the pair in Chicago, where they made at once for Kid Herbert's gymnasium. Herbert's was the clearing house for pugilistic wares intended for display throughout the middle west. There fighters, big and little, toiled at their training day after day, there managers mingled and made matches and booked them at clubs operating in the sticks. Herbert's naturally was the headquarters of Dummy Marshall and his manager, the sleek Tony Kelly.

Marshall, born a deaf mute, had about two years of ring work behind him and had done rather well. He was no bit of championship timber but he was a strong, rugged fellow, a fairly good boxer and a deadly puncher. Best of all for the purpose Clark and Mercer had in view, he had managed to keep his nose from being flattened, his lips thickened and his ears cauliflowered and easily might pass for a "sap from the rolling mills."

KELLY listened, impatiently at first but with a rapidly growing interest, to the plan unfolded by the men from Hammersville. He had heard of Riley. In fact, he had thought once or twice of taking Marshall to Hammersville for a bout with Riley but had abandoned the idea because he had heard he couldn't get more than a couple of hundred dollars for a bout.

This, however, was different. If everything was as Clark and Mercer had said and they could get some money down on Marshall at four or five to one, there was a chance to make a good haul. Marshall wasn't consulted. Kelly made his matches for him and he did as he was ordered.

An agreement was reached, whereby Kelly was to take Marshall to Hammersville, provided Clark and Mercer could arrange a match with Riley.

Making the match proved to be quite as easy as Clark and Mercer had assured Kelly it would be. On their return to Hammersville the following day, the pair sought out Bob Reynolds, Riley's manager, in his cigar store not far from Dougherty's. Reynolds, middle aged, stout, with hair and close cropped mustache streaked with gray, greeted them with a grin that smacked of derision. They wasted no time in preliminaries but proceeded at once to the business they had in mind.

RILEY hasn't worked for a month has he?" asked Clark.

"No," replied Reynolds. "I had one match for him but it fell through and since then I ain't been able to scare up anybody for him to fight. Why?"

"Want to put him to work before he gets rusty?"

"Maybe. Against who?"

"His name wouldn't mean nothin' to you but if you want it, it's Bill Buckley."

"Bill Buckley? You're right. His name don't mean a thing to me. I suppose he's a champ?"

"Not yet," replied Clark, who wasn't always so modest. "But I know he can lick Riley. If I didn't I wouldn't be here."

"That's what you said about Daniels," countered Reynolds, with a smirk.

"That'll be enough about Daniels," interposed Mercer. "We didn't come here to exchange compliments with you. We want to fight. Do you?"

"Well, might, if we can get any dough for it. Wait until I call up Riley."

Reynolds entered a telephone booth in the rear of the store, carefully closed the door behind him and for several minutes conversed earnestly with his companion. Then the door opened and he stuck his head out.

"Yeh, he's willin'. Now wait a minute and I'll get Walters to come over."

TED WALTERS, match maker of the Hammersville Athletic Club, soon joined the group. Riley was the best drawing card he could get for his club and he overlooked no opportunity to sign him for a bout. However, he wanted to know something about the boxer Clark and Mercer had uncovered.

"Well," said Clark, "I'll admit right now that he hasn't done much fightin' but if I ever seen a real fighter in the rough, it's this guy. Yes, and he's plenty rough. He's a puddler in the rollin' mills and lately he's been doin' quite a bit of boxin'. Of course, he hasn't licked nobody you ever heard of but he knows his way around the ring and he can sock. Also, he can take it. Can't he, Johnny?"

"He can," agreed Mercer. "I see him take quite a pastin' and never let a peep out of him."

"Who pasted him?" Walters wanted to know.

"Oh, another guy around the mills. He didn't hurt our man any but he was a pretty good boxer and he had him puzzled for a while. But when Buckley socked him, it was 'Larry, turn the crank!'"

(*To be continued*)

"Spike" Webb, Olympic and Navy Coach, Names Dempsey Greatest Ever

BY "SPIKE" WEBB
Olympic Boxing Coach, 1920 and 1924

THERE may have been greater heavyweights rambling about on this swirling globe of ours, in time gone by but there never has been a more punishing socker than Jack Dempsey. This he has clearly exemplified time and again. Not even Bob Fitzsimmons in his palmy days showed the marked ability to fell an opponent with either hand from almost any angle that this man, Dempsey demonstrated in his battles for the world's heavyweight championship against Willard, Carpentier, and Firpo. No doubt he lacks much of the ring science and cunning of some of his predecessors, but for punching ability Dempsey stands on a pinnacle by himself.

Dempsey has a grand total of 47 knockouts in 66 bouts. This proves him a consistent knocker-out in his comparatively short career. In this department of fisticuffs he has proved himself superior to Old Fitz, Carpentier, and Ketchel, all of whom were rated as quicker finishers.

Back at Toledo in 1917 when he beat down the huge Jesse Willard for the title, Dempsey was in all probability in better condition than he will ever reach again, though right now, when the public is calling for him to do battle or forfeit the belt, is not quite out of his prime, and could if he so desired, climb into the ring and beat any heavyweight in the business. I believe that Dempsey has more confidence today than ever before—the confidence that all champions possess.

Easily Hardest Hitter

FIGHT experts after they saw Firpo, mighty slugger that he is, buckling over in defeat in the third round of a truly great championship contest, had nothing but the finest of praise for the American battler. Opinions gathered from a great many sports writers, many who have seen champions come and go, varied little. Almost to a man these experts, declared that the fight showed Dempsey to be the hardest hitter of the modern prize-ring.

And to those who were at Boyle's Thirty Acres the afternoon of July 2, 1921, cannot forget how the gallant Frenchman sank to the canvas under a terrible bombardment of punches. Here again, Dempsey proved himself a puncher supreme, a true monarch of the hempen square.

He Comes from Behind

AND lest we forget, Jack came from behind to win both these contest, and any man, or any team that creeps up from the rear and wins, has got to be mighty good. Jack Dempsey never was quite so close to toppling on the brink of pugulistic oblivion as he was in the second round there in Tex Rickard's huge pine planked stadium in the middle of the now famous Boyle's Thirty Acres.

"Spike" Webb

When the flashing right of the Frenchman crashed home to the jaw of Dempsey midway of the second round, the world's heavyweight championship threatened to embark on a voyage to Europe. It is possible, highly probable, that a matter of a couple of inches separated George from the world's title. Twice in that round Carpentier's speedy right hand shot straight as a snipers bullet to the jaw of the American. The first punch drove Dempsey back on his heels.

The second made him tremble like a frame building in a storm. Jack tottered and almost fell to the ring floor. Carpentier essayed a third and finishing punch. Dempsey was on the brink of possible defeat. His brain was in a whirl, his strength was ebbing. Another right hand punch similar to the two which had preceded might have pushed the world's champion into the abyss of pugilistic oblivion. But, Jack ducked the third one by a mere matter of inches—inches of space but miles of possibility. No one can say what would have happened had the blow landed. It may have meant the crowning of a new champion. The inaugurating of a new ring reign. The loss to America of the most cherished of boxing honors. Most of the spectators present, and they were some 90,000 of them, noted the effect of the two previous punches and believed the third if it had connected, would have spelt ruin for Dempsey.

Handled Frenchmen Well

THE impetus of his missing punch carried the challenger off his balance. To save himself Carpentier fell into a clinch. And at close quarters the lighter boxer was no match for the rugged American. Dempsey's head cleared and his yet splendid recuperative powers brought his strength back. Jack lost no time and he ripped terrible short arm jolts into Carpentier's mid-ribs. It wasn't long before the challenger and not the Champion seemed on the brink of defeat. The fourth and last round found Dempsey ripping, slashing away with both hands in a murderous fire of punches, and he never let up until the enemy was beaten down.

AND isn't the same thing true of the battle Jack fought against

the Giant from the shores of South America? Dempsey successfully repulsed the effort of one Louis Firpo to wrest from him the world's heavyweight honors at the Polo Grounds two years ago, and he did it cleanly and fairly after a most strenuous time. Perhaps it was the most thrilling of all heavyweight bouts, though it lasted but three rounds.

To be knocked clear out of the ring, and then scramble back and beat the man who knocked you out of same, surely shows—the test of a man's ability. It was a great moment, that second; a great effort by a man with a real fighting man's heart, and the sight of it was the thrill supreme for most of the vast crowd reaching back, row on row, to the very fence of that inverted bowl.

Facing defeat and knowing it as did no other man of the great throng present, Jack Dempsey found his way back into the ring and went forth in his fight for victory. It was not all together Dempsey's exit from the ring that brought that thrilling second round into being, but the game effort of a brain that weighted the consequences of defeat and transmitted its information to a heart too stout to be effected and a spirit too proud to accept it.

DEMPSEY when he mowed down Willard at Toledo was in all probability in better condition than he will ever reach again. From the way he beat down Willard he sure must have had a chunk of concentrated TNT tucked away in each of his gloves. And right at this time while the public is calling on Jack to either fight or forfeit the championship, and knowing that he is past his prime, I believe that he could if he so desired, enter the ring within a month and defeat any heavyweight boxer in the business. Dempsey has more good fights in his system.

Who's Your Selection As Best Heavyweight?

THE RING this month continues the discussion as to the greatest heavyweight of all time. Last month Bill Brown named Bob Fitzsimmons as his choice. This time the vote goes to Jack Dempsey, with "Spike" Webb, boxing coach at the United States Naval Academy and coach of two Olympic teams, as the authority.

The Ring wants your ideas on the subject. Write on only one side of the paper and confine yourself to 150 words. Send your letters to the Best Heavyweight Editor, The Ring, No. 91 Seventh Avenue, New York.

What Our Readers Think About It

Picks Peter Jackson

SPEAKING of the World's greatest heavyweights, I don't see how anyone could pass up Old Peter Jackson as being the greatest, as John L. feared him and would not fight him.

Bob Fitzsimmons would not fight him as he practiced Jackson's ring maneuvers and knew Jackson was his master.

Jim Corbett, who fought a 61 round draw with Jackson, made a very poor showing as Jackson fought with a useless arm as it was fractured. In my mind, Jackson is the Old Master of all Heavyweights.

* * *

Another for Jackson

THE best heavyweight of all times was Peter Jackson.

When Jackson was in his prime he could have defeated all the first class fighters but they refused to fight him as they fully knew he was the best.

Peter Jackson had the punch, strength and science that no one could stand up against.

My second choice is Jack Johnson. Johnson's smile and his clever tricks made him a great fighter. Johnson also was the same in all his fights, hard or easy.

* * *

Hands It to Jeffries

I HAVE been a reader of your boxing magazine for some time. I consider it by far the best magazine of its kind published.

Considering the greatest heavyweight, I would place James J. Jeffries, ex-champion, above all the rest. He defeated Fitz, Sharkey and Corbett twice. He was almost as fast as Corbett. He was a terrific hitter with both hands. He was big and strong, cool and determined. He could assimilate more punishment than any man that was ever known to the ring.

Jeffries possessed all the natural requirements of the greatest heavyweight champion we ever had.

J. E. TREXEL, Boswell, Pa.

* * *

A Boost for Corbett

JAMES J. CORBETT in my opinion was the greatest heavyweight of all time. Multitudes will criticize me, but I will not falter. No one ever surpassed Gentleman Jim for his ability to give and take, aggressiveness, cool headedness, vitality, his tactics of wearing an opponent down by science, and his all around "ring generalship."

He fought them all, regardless of color or creed. How many of the Old timers stood up and fought the Great Peter Jackson to a sixty-one round draw. The vast majority shunned Peter Jackson—why? Ask the old timers. Gentleman Jim fought the sluggers such as Sullivan and won! He fought the great scientific fighter Kid McCoy who was known to show no mercy on his opponents, and won! He fought the great Bear Jeffries, and won!

He was lightning on his feet. Who ever lived a cleaner life, fought a cleaner fight, made more friends and had more admirers than Corbett?

What mother or father would want a better son than Gentleman Jim? He was an assiduous person, a credit to the boxing game. A sound mind in a sound body—that's Jim.

I have often wondered, wouldn't it be splendid if Corbett could have had two or three sons to carry his name for generations to come?

James J. Corbett, wherever you are, kindly cherish the thought in your heart that there is always some one thinking of you—God Bless You.

CHARLES RALPH GROOVER,
Trenton, N. J.

* * *

A Vote for Ruby Bob

IN my opinion Robert Fitzsimmons is the greatest heavyweight of all time. He stands the best with 34 years or more in the ring and holds two championships at the same time—middleweight and heavyweight.

JACK EKINS,
Montreal, Canada.

Training and Exercises for Boxers and Other Athletes

Selection of a Trainer and Methods of Handling a Boxer for an Important Battle—An Interview Given by Bob Fitzsimmons a Few Years Before He Died.

By NAT FLEISCHER

Fourth of a Series of Articles on this Subject in Which the Author Quotes Interviews with the Greatest Authorities on Boxing.

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SOME years ago, when I was a sports writer on the New York Press, I was sent to the dressing room of a New York theatre to obtain an interview with Bob Fitzsimmons. Fitz, fine gentleman that he was, invited me to a seat, chatted for a few minutes on his stage work, and then remarked:

"What kind of an interview are you after? Is it on my stage career or on boxing?"

Being concerned with sports only, the reply was: "On your boxing career."

"Well, what is it you want me to discuss?" asked Fitz.

Seeing a physical marvel in front of me I studied this great specimen from head to foot, and remarked:

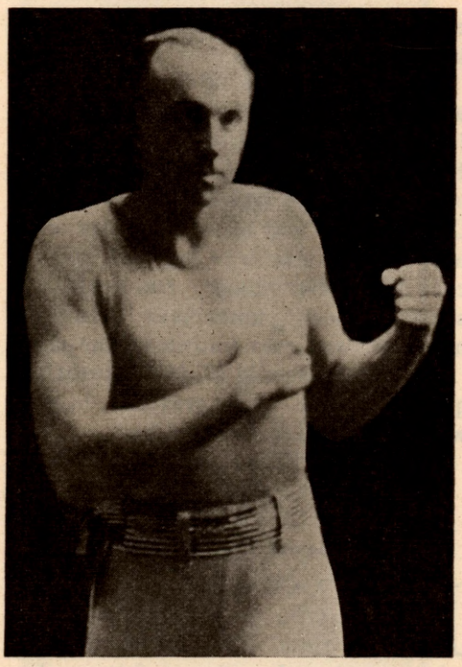
"Mr. Fitzsimmons, you're the picture of health. You keep yourself in such wonderful condition that I feel a few words from you on training would be mighty interesting reading.

Fitz hesitated a few moments, then, weighing his words, he remarked:

"You know, I've had quite a number of persons tell me that my appearance was a total surprise to them. Some have informed me that in reading of the many strenuous battles I engaged in, they figured they would meet a battle-scarred ring veteran, with nose flattened, ears cauliflowered and teeth missing and they were astonished when I came upon the stage looking the part of a gentleman instead of a dilapidated specimen of human being.

"In my conversation with these persons I always tried to impress upon their mind that one can always keep in perfect physical condition if he spends only a few minutes each day in proper exercise, takes proper food and absorbs plenty of fresh air. You know I'm an advocate of physical training for all. I attribute my great physical condition to the fact that I've always followed a systematic routine of physical training, and even now, when my fighting days are over, I still find sufficient time to go through this routine, though not as strenuously as while in training for combat.

"If I were asked to deliver a message on health to the American public, I would tell them to make certain that at least fifteen minutes each day were set aside for a little exercise in order to give the organs of their body an opportunity to function properly. Clean living and a healthy body make for a hearty, healthy race."



Bob Fitzsimmons

WITH this message obtained, I ventured a little further and asked Fitz if he would discuss the essentials of a great trainer. There, it seemed, was a subject nearest to Ruby Bob's heart, for in the next twenty minutes Fitz was busily engaged in giving his opinion on trainers and training in general, with a wind up on what he termed was the most essential point, the keynote of a boxer's success—courage.

Starting with the trainer, Fitz said:

"To be a good trainer a man must be a first-class reader of human nature. I don't suppose any two athletes are of exactly the same temperament. Some are naturally stout, some naturally thin, and then again some are of a nervous, irritable disposition while still others are cool, never getting excited and are good-natured.

"Now, while I have already said that no two men should be trained exactly alike, still there are many thing which must be done in every case. In first taking charge of any man, I would make certain that my man was in perfect physical condition with all his organisms functioning properly. Then I would look after his hands. Pugilists as a rule, have considerable trouble with their hands as they often are likely to get broken badly in a contest, or if a blow is not landed in the way it is intended, a bad sprain is often the result.

"Some trainers use a sort of pickling solution with which they pickle their hands, face and neck, in order that a blow will not cut the skin so readily. If my man had a very tender skin, I might use something to toughen and harden his face, but as a rule I don't think that pickling the face and neck does any good.

"I never tried to toughen my face by pickling. I used pure alcohol, which in a measure answers the same purpose, and is at the same time very refreshing. To the hands, however, too much attention cannot be paid, and I have found nothing better in my travels than corned beef brine. This does not smell very nice, it is true, and should be applied three times a day after eating.

"After the brine is applied and well rubbed in, the following liniment should

also be rubbed in. It can be obtained at any first-class drug store and the ingredients are as follows: Laudanum, three ounces; spirits of hartshorn, four ounces; alcohol, one quart; iodine, two ounces; eucalyptic, three ounces. These mixed up together with ten cents worth of horseradish and five cents worth of alum, make a liniment which cannot be equalled for strengthening and hardening the bone, and when applied and well rubbed in it has a tendency to make a man feel fresh and strong.

"IN the olden days, and in fact up to within a comparatively few years every trainer of athletes had a set code of rules for training men, and each followed his code out to the letter on every man who came under his charge. Many of the oldtime trainers would as soon think of cutting their hands off as to forego one rule or add another to their set of training laws—laws each had learned by heart as a boy and faithfully carried into practice as a man. The impression seems to prevail that the trainers of today are far below those of years ago.

"No two men are of exactly the same physical condition or temperament, hence no two men ought to be trained exactly alike, for training is like medicine, what is one man's cure might be another's poison. To be a good trainer a man must be a fine reader of human nature and having been with his man for a time in order to find out all his little peculiarities of disposition, etc., should start in to train a man according to the manner in which he has read his nature.

"A crabbed, cross or morose man should never attempt to become a trainer of athletes, and if you are an athlete and have occasion to pick out a man to get you in shape for a contest, let those sort of men go by, no matter how cheap you may be able to get them or how great a reputation for handling winners they have got.

"Instead pick out some jolly, good natured fellow who will be able to tell you a funny story should the occasion require it, and who will be able to "jolly you up a bit" when you feel low spirited, as you no doubt will sometimes while training, for training at its best is monotonous, and it is this monotony which often makes a fellow have the blues. Therefore, you can readily see that it is quite necessary to have a man with you who can chase the blues away when they come.

"Every man living longs for some sort of companionship. If there are any who prefer being entirely alone I have never seen them. And for this reason, as much as any other, an athlete should have a trainer. You know you can't ask your friends to get out on the road for a ten mile spin with you every day, whereas, if you have a man paid for that purpose you feel all right in asking him to go, and you will find many uses to put him to other than that.

"Then the trainer should exercise his ingenuity in getting as much variety into the day's work, as possible. The principal must have his mind occupied, and one of the best ways to do this is to pick out a different road for the walk for every day in the week if possible.

WITH body in fine condition and hands set for severe contact with an opponent's body, the rest seems easy provided a boxer possesses courage. A fellow may have a most perfect body, may possess exceptional cleverness and a sledg-hammer blow, yet he cannot be classed as a great fighter unless he has what is known as the fighting heart—in other words courage. Can he take it? That is the big question in ranking a fighter.

"There is no trait of character which a boxer needs more than COURAGE. It is most essential both morally and physically. No person, be he in the boxing game or in any other line of business, is of value to his profession unless he possesses that COURAGE.

There never was a boxing champion or a champion in any branch of sport who was a coward. If he were, he could not be a champion.

"Fearlessness makes a person another person's superior. It is courage that tells in every walk of life. It is courage that carries the soldier to victory. It is COURAGE that carries the ring gladiator to the referee's decision. It is COURAGE that makes for physical manhood and no man who has fear within his heart, regardless of the business he pursues, can hope to reach the highest goal."

With this, Fitz ended a most interesting session, a session of half an hour which gave the writer an opportunity to study the greatest of modern fighters at close range, and be convinced that the possession of this courage and the physical fitness which Lanky Bob discussed in the interview, were the reasons for Fitz's great ring success.

It is interesting to note that in the last issue of The Ring, William A. Brady, in his splendid article on "Fear and the Ring," takes issue with Fitzsimmons by declaring that in his opinion there has never been a champion who at some time in his career has not suffered from ring fear, but Mr. Brady qualifies this statement with—"that is, has felt a morbid horror of meeting in the roped arena the challenger for the championship. Ring Fear is something that goes with the championship and cannot be separated from it."

(To be continued)

MY HARDEST FIGHT—MATTY MATTHEWS

(Continued from page 15)

the old Broadway A. C. on April 17, 1900. I knocked out the champion in the nineteenth round. We were supposed to weigh in at 142 pounds—then the welter limit—one hour before the fight.

Billy reported two ounces overweight, and, more to worry him than anything else, we insisted that he remove the surplus or surrender his forfeit. The extra weight was rubbed off him in the fifteen minutes my manager allowed him, but he was furious and flew at me even before the bout was on. Our second pried us apart.

The champion rushed in at me and dropped me for a count of nine in the very first round. I stayed groggy for rounds after, but eventually stopped him.

My most ticklish bout was one with Ed Kennedy in Pittsburg. Two days before this affair my nose had been broken, and the doctor who treated me warned me that another blow might bring on a hemorrhage which might prove fatal. Nevertheless I went on with my second fight, and paid this doctor $20 just to sit at the ringside. My whole aim in that bout was to keep Kennedy away from my nose. I won the decision— and Kennedy never once tapped my face. Experts afterwards said it was the greatest boxing exhibition they had ever seen. I had to make it good.

I made $100,000 in the ring, but had my share of physical suffering in earning it, unlike some of our present day champions.

WILL BUY

Original Fight Photographs
of the
H. Woods, Morrison or Bushnell Collections

Also any other old-time fight pictures.

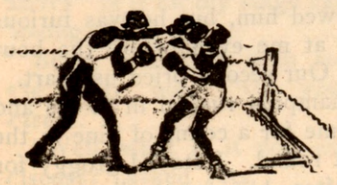
Publisher, THE RING, Inc.
91 Seventh Avenue New York City

Compliments of the Season

As it faces its fifth year, The Ring extends to all its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. With this issue, this publication winds up its fourth year, and, as our anniversary nears, the publisher and his most capable staff extend to the followers of boxing their most sincere compliments for the progress attained by The Ring in 1925 and the promise of continued advancement in the coming year.

Thanks to the strong support of boxing devotees not only in the United States and Canada, but in Mexico, England and France, The Ring has made most gratifying progress in the four years of its existence. It has had a steady, healthy growth which the editors flatter themselves is due to the unbiased attitude which it has taken, its well written, attractive pages, and the unexcelled class of contributors.

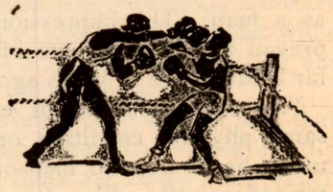
To our contributors, our advertisers and our readers, we extend Yuletide greetings and the promise that we shall always keep in mind the aim of this publication—the betterment of boxing and its protection from the unscrupulous within the ranks and the blue law agitators without.



As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING



All Hail Tex Rickard

ALL hail to Madison Square Garden, the greatest boxing centre in the world.

All hail to the genius—Tex Rickard—who conceived the idea of building a sports arena of such gigantic proportions, an arena which stands forth as a monument to the sport of ages—boxing!

Followers of fisticuffs owe a vote of thanks to Tex Rickard. Boxing owes its very life to the man who risked millions to popularize the sport and whose keen foresight, energy, knowledge of human nature and showmanship made possible the revival of glove contests.

Boxing was at its lowest level when Rickard came forth from the West to announce to a gathering of reporters in the Biltmore that he had visions of making Madison Square Garden a CENTRE of AMERICA'S SPORTS ACTIVITIES, and that he had leased the Garden for ten years in order that he might develop this vision into a reality.

That Rickard succeeded in his venture is well known.

That he succeeded despite obstacles which would have forced persons with less grit, less determination and fighting spirit to go under, is a credit to this man's wonderful ability in the showman's game, the ability of a master artist in the field of promotion. Tex Rickard has gained his just reward in the form of a great monument—the Madison Square Garden.

* * * * *

GEORGE L. ("TEX") RICKARD, the man of adventure, is determined to make of Madison Square Garden the nerve centre of the international sporting world, and those who know Tex realize that once he sets his mind on anything he accomplishes his point.

"In order to achieve my ambition," declared Tex, "it is necessary that I keep the Garden working every night in the week. My hope is to house within this amphitheatre every clean game and contest which appeals to American manhood and womanhood. I have arranged for every variety of sport that I felt would interest the public—horse shows, dog shows, cycling, boxing, track and field athletics, ice skating, hockey and basketball, and these will be increased as the demand for a new sport makes its appearance." This is the aim of Fistiana's greatest promoter.

Like Phineas T. Barnum, Tex Rickard has proved himself a real showman. With all his uncanny capacity for judging the public's mind, Rickard, who many years ago was led into the promotion game through circumstances, and began soon to apply Western methods to that branch of the show business, realized the biggest ambition of a showman's life—that of staging an event which drew at one stroke more than a million dollars, the Dempsey-Carpentier bout.

Like Barnum, Rickard started his career in a field which eventually came under the taboo of the law. Barnum sold lottery tickets in Connecticut, and Tex, while in the West, conducted gambling establishments. Rickard always has played on the level with his patrons, even in his big gambling establishments, and this is what brought him to the crowning point of his career, the building of the Garden. Both Barnum and Rickard received their hardest knocks in the school where taking chances proved the rule rather than the exception, and it was this type of schooling which raised both to the pinnacle of fame in their respective fields.

* * * * *

Fabulous Purses Must Go

GONE are the days of fabulous purses in boxing. At least so says Tex Rickard, world's most famous fight promoter. In an edict issued a few weeks ago, the man who made boxing popular in America, decreed that hereafter he will stage no contests in which he and his financial backers in the New Madison Square Garden are not share holders in the financial returns to the extent of at least thirty percent of the gate receipts.

Rickard, in throwing down the gauntlet—and all indications point to the fact that Tex means business—has given

notice to the members of the cauliflower industry that they can no longer expect to leave the promoter with the ticket stubs while they carry away all the coin. In seeking to protect the heavy investments of himself and those behind the Garden venture, Tex is leading the fight against the too highly paid boxers, and already his influence is being felt throughout the City of New York, the world's greatest boxing center.

* * * * *

Cause of Leanness

THERE is no denying the fact that fabulous demands was the cause of a lean summer in the boxing world. There is no denying the fact that excessive demands of even mediocre battlers, was the cause of a heavy financial loss to most promoters during the outdoor season.

There can be no argument against the justice of Tex Rickard's latest move, a move which will benefit the sport and place boxing once more on a high plane. Nowadays, when a champion is asked to defend his title, even for a most charitable cause, he turns a deaf ear to the promoter's offer unless such offer runs well into the thousands. Too often does the promoter risk his all to stage the fight only to find that his efforts have brought a fortune to the contestants with a loss to the organization staging the bout.

* * * * *

THIS is contrary to all rules of sound business and after all, boxing is as much a business among those who engage in promotion as is banking. The promoters deserve a better break, especially so when one considers what promoting on a big scale means in worries and expenses. As goes Tex Rickard invariably go the rest of the promoters and it is safe to predict that if Tex sticks to his guns, better fights, more championship contests and less bickering will take place in the fight game this winter than since the legalization of the sport in this state.

"If some of the leading boxers and managers do not become more sensible in their demands for purses and more reasonable in dictating conditions, I'll can boxing out of Madison Square Garden," he said a few days ago.

Several prominent managers, when they heard of his threat, let out a large laugh. "He can't do it," they said. "He's got $5,000,000 tied up in the new Garten and boxing will have to pay most of the freight."

Rickard insists that he can pass up boxing as a weekly feature and get along just as well with only four or five big shows a season.

"We have been making more money out of two six-day bike races a season than all the boxing matches put together," Rickard said. "We have had more applications for hockey dates this winter than the calendar can accommodate, and the returns, considering the investment and the expense are much higher in proportion. We want it understood that the New Garden is by no means a boxing palace. There are a dozen ways in which we can make up for the little revenue that has been coming from boxing."

Rickard ran three outdoor shows last summer and only one—the Milk Fund benefit—made any money. Jimmy Slattery and Berlenbach drew $100,000 and Dave Shade and Mickey Walker drew $150,000 and yet Rickard says he lost $35,000 on the two shows.

"I'm through with staging benefits for boxers," he said. "They'll have to give me a chance to make some money for my time and trouble and the risks involved or I'll get out of the game."

* * * * *

European Influx

EUROPEAN boxers are again flooding the American market, yet their influx is welcomed by American followers of fisticuffs. The arrival in New York of Johnny Brown, Charley Harvey's English bantam champion; Lucien Vinez, European lightweight title holder; Tommy Milligan, welterweight and middleweight champion of Europe; Ernie Jarvis, British flyweight; Edouard Mascart, French featherweight king, has added considerable interest to the classes these boys represent. Each is a glove wielder of no mean ability and their presence in American rings will boom the sport during the indoor season.

In addition to the above, Tex Rickard has contracted for the appearance of Paolino Uzcudun, Spanish heavyweight champion, here; Georges Carpentier has contracted for a fight on the Coast with Jack Delaney and Luis Firpo has cabled to New York the information that he soon will embark on another trip to this country with the object of fighting his way back into the limelight in an effort to obtain another fight with Harry Wills and Jack Dempsey. All of which indicates some lively bouts for the coming year.

* * * * *

WHILE on the subject of the invaders, it is worthy of note that the crop of fighters sent over from England shows that the British boys, through their adoption of American methods, are rapidly coming to the fore again. Until a few years ago, Jimmy Wilde was the only fighter of ability Johnny Bull could pit against the cream of other countries where boxing flourishes. When Jimmy reached the inevitable, and was beaten by the late Pancho Villa, the English boxing pride received a horrible shock. Discouragement ran rampant and for a time it was feared the game would be obliterated.

British sportsmen, eager to save the remnants of what was once the greatest sport in England, abandoned the heavyweights and encouraged the boys in the other divisions with the result that while the heavy class hasn't a single first rater in its ranks, the bantam, welter and middle weight divisions have a crop of mitt wielders who are giving Uncle Sam's boys a good tussle. Among the most likely looking of those who have come here are Billy Ames's two stars, Tommy Milligan and Tommy Moody and Ernie Jarvis and Johnny Brown. Milligan is so good that he has been signed for three fights in Madison Square Garden.

While the quality of our boxers in most divisions has been sliding in the past few years, the British seem to be improving, thus making for the betterment of the game.

* * * * *

New Heavyweight in West

THE middle west has a new heavyweight prospect, who according to reports from competent critics, bids fair to give the leading contenders for Jack Dempsey's crown a merry chase within another year. The name of this new sensation, as he is called in Missouri, is Sergeant Jack Adams of Scott Field.

It was only recently that Adams knocked out Fred Fulton in a jiffy and two weeks later he took on Romero Rojas in ten rounds and outclassed him. The ringside reports credit Adams with seven of the ten sessions, and most of those by big margins. The soldier battler is a heavy puncher and with proper schooling, may develop into a contender.

* * * * *

Leonard Getting Restless

EVERY now and then Benny Leonard, retired lightweight champion, comes forth with the announcement that he is tiring of the stage life and would like to return to the ring. The former champion's brother, who handles Benny's affairs, has on several occasions put out feelers to the New York State Boxing Board to find out Benny's status should Leonard suddenly decide to resume boxing.

We congratulate the Commission for informing Benny's brother that if the retired champion does try a comeback, he will enter the ring as a challenger and not as a champion and that furthermore, he will not enter as a lightweight but will be compelled to fight as a welter.

This is as it should be. There is no more likable chap in the boxing game than Benny Leonard, and in the writer

(*Continued on page 26*)

Eddie Anderson and Andy Divodi Are Blazing Their Way to Stardom

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

TWO potential candidates for championship honors are blazing their way to stardom. Eddie Anderson, erstwhile Wyoming cowboy and Andy Divodi, who sells papers near the Grand Central Station in New York City, will reach the top rungs of the bantam, feather and junior light, and lightweight ladders, respectively, if successive victories are any criterion of their ability.

Anderson, who makes his best fights at 118 pounds, looks like a sure thing to garner at least one title before 1926 is six months old. Accomplishment of this herculean feat seems assured for the sturdy westerner, when one considers the fact that he has beaten a raft of contenders in the three divisions above named.

Although only in his teens, pugilistically speaking, Divodi has performed remarkably well in a little over a year he has shown on big time. There is no telling how far the nineteen-year-old newsie will go. The time is not far distant when he will demand recognition from such topnotchers as Sid Terris, Sammy Mandell and Jimmy Goodrich. The prediction is in order that Father Knickerbocker will sing the praises of Benny Leonard's successor, so far as New York City is concerned, in another two years.

Genial, affable, shrewd William Duffy is steering the youngsters on the path to titular matches. The popular Duffy intends to leave no stone unturned to help get them shots with the reigning monarchs. At this writing Bill is burning the wires with inducements looking toward the arrangement of a bout between bantam king Charlie (Phil) Rosenberg and Anderson. Duffy in his anxiety to close the match has notified Rosenberg's manager to make it easy for himself—terms, conditions, etc. Promoter Tex Rickard is anxious to stage the event in the new Madison Square Garden next month.

"ANDERSON will punch Rosenberg full of holes,"—Duffy was speaking above a whisper. The interview took place around the festive board at the Silver Slipper located on Broadway and Forty-eighth Street.

"I don't mind saying," continued Bill, "that I believe I have the greatest little fighter in a blue moon. He is a remarkable youngster because he can fight at 118 and all the way to 130 pounds.

"After we knock off Rosenberg,"—Duffy was going great guns—"I will chase after Louis (Kid) Kaplan for a shot at the featherweight title. A fellow like Kaplan who comes in head first throwing his fists wildly in the air, is just made to order for my Eddie. He'll stop him dead in his tracks.

"And then they can bring in Signor Michael Balserino. He looks like money from home. Eddie'll go in at around 126 or 128 and belt him all over the place.

"Say, in six or eight months' time, if you see me toting around a triple champion, don't be surprised. It's a 1 to 50 shot—I'd advise you to take the short end," concluded Duffy in all earnestness.

Duffy also waxed enthusiastic over Divodi. "He has done remarkably well in the short time he has been boxing professionally," Bill clarioned. "He is a terrific puncher and a soldier under fire. He is a straight right hand socker. He's a treat for the eye. He fears no man of his weight in the world. And he's only a kid!

"Benny Leonard who saw him training a few days ago whispered in my ear that 'you have the best looking prospect of all the lightweights.' Coming from a shrewd judge like Leonard makes me doubly sure that I have the next champion in the making."

ANDERSON is accounted to be one of the "smartest" two-fisted scrappers uncovered in years. Originally he was a southpaw. Bill Grupp turned him around.

Little did Eddie dream when he rode horses on his father's ranch at Casper, Wyoming, at the age of thirteen, that he would light on Broadway some day as a full fledged pugilist. Fighting in the prize ring was furthest from his mind during his early cowhand days.

He first saw the light of day twenty-two years ago at Kambra, a hamlet situated 240 miles from Cody. His parents raised nine children. Eddie is one of seven brothers. In his school days Anderson rode forty miles across the prairies. His mother had him photographed on horseback when he was only five years of age.

Fitz Anderson, his dad, trekked to Reno, Nevada, to see Jim Jeffries annihilated at the hands of Jack Johnson. When he returned to his beloved Kambra the sole topic of conversation was the downfall of the white man. Little Eddie used to sit at the fireside and hear his father refight the battle night after night to the stable hands.

On the cowpaths of Kambra Eddie "fought" several fist fights with his school chums. One day he decided to go to the city—country life was getting monotonous. He left home and rode into Cody. The next day was Christmas.

A man named Ralph Johnson introduced boxing gloves in Cody. He sent them on from New York as a present to one of his little friends. The boys got a thrill lacing the mittens on their hands.

The next place Anderson lit on was Casper. He got a job as a cowhand. The cowhands in those days were unionized. Their only diversion after working hours was to throw horse shoes and shoot craps. Someone thought up the bright idea of staging fights. Anderson was appointed chairman of the entertainment committee. The first series were staged before the cowhands and the "city chaps."

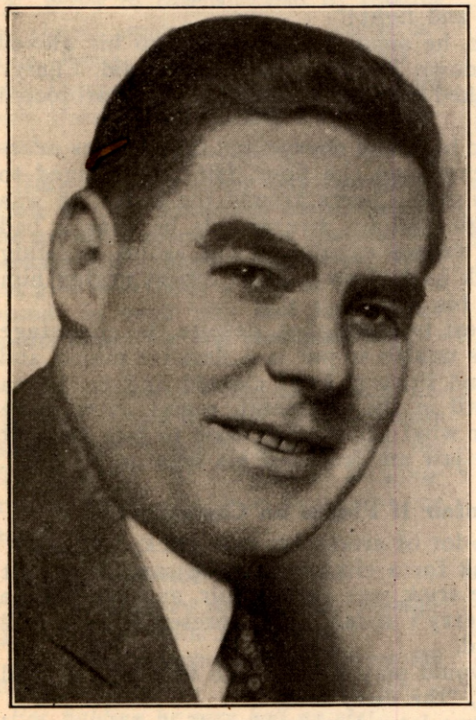
ANDERSON fought in spots and promoted the shows. They were called "amateur tournaments." The word amateur was used not because the bouts were fought under A. A. U. rules but to distinguish the kids and the older boys.

Anderson went through the lists with a fine tooth comb garnering two silver loving cups and a few watches. In those days he scaled 116 pounds. Instead of returning home Eddie "bummed" his way to Thermopolis, Wyoming. He rode the 200 miles on the bumpers.

When he reached Thermopolis they were celebrating Independence Day and in connection with the big doings a boxing tournament was put on. An-

derson carried his fighting shoes and tights in his trousers' back pockets. He was fatigued and hungry. He pleaded for a chance to go on. They paired him with Ray Lucas, of Denver, who weighed 130 pounds. Eddie tipped the beam at the 114 notch. He astounded the spectators by knocking out the Denverite with a terrific left hook to the body in less than a minute.

P. J. Groehl, a big oil man, who saw the youngster flatten Lucas, beckoned Anderson to come to New York. P. J. is a brother of Gus Groehl, one of the biggest men in the New York Lodge No. 1, B. P. O. Elks. "You have the makings of a champion," Eddie couldn't believe his ears, "and you'll



Bill Duffy

make plenty of money." Anderson leaped with joy. In the presence of his father Eddie signed a ten-year contract with his benefactor.

IN tow of Groehl, Anderson saw New York for the first time on September 11, 1920. He was made to discard his short pants for "longies."

Groehl introduced him to Tex Rickard at the old Garden. In those days Leo P. Flynn was making matches assisted by Pete Stone. The idea of Groehl going over their heads made Flynn and Stone sore as bull pups.

"I'll get that fresh kid knocked off," Stone whispered to Flynn.

They dug up Dave Astey to chastise the newcomer. Sure enough Astey dealt out unmerciful punishment to the newcomer. Anderson received such a pummelling that he was seriously thinking of returning home. But Groehl prevailed upon him to remain.

Billy Grupp took him in hand and changed his style. Billy De Foe taught the youngster some of the fine points of the game. The Astey licking did him a world of good. He went out and won ten four rounders and eight sixes. Incidentally he turned the tables on Astey, knocking him out in two rounds.

His first appearance in a main event at the Ridgewood Grove was a disappointment. Phil Franchini flattened him in seven of ten scheduled rounds.

"That's tough luck," sighed Anderson.

Undaunted by the Franchini k. o., Anderson continued to train hard. He went in for body exercises and knocked off mile after mile on the Central Park roads. His next appearance was at Coney Island. He whipped Hilly Levine in twelve rounds. He defeated Neal Alexander and trounced Charley Kohler twice handsrunning.

"Now get me Franchini," begged Eddie.

Anderson defeated his erstwhile conqueror in two twelves. The next tough one he met was Midget Smith, who was at the peak of his form. He received $250 after a hard fifteen rounder. He drew with Abe Goldstein in twelve, beat Jack Sharkey and then went back home. He returned with his father who startled staid New Yorkers wearing a big sombrero. The elder Anderson saw him whip Wee Willie Spencer and Young Ross.

THEN he went west. At Sioux City, Iowa, he beat Earl Puryear, and at Davenport he clashed with Pal Moore, with Packey McFarland officiating as a referee. Eddie scored a knockdown.

In Chicago Eddie teamed up with Jim Mullin. He boxed ten no decision stanzas with Mike Dundee, who weighed 128 pounds, and thrilled the fans by outboxing Joe Burman and Sammy Mandell.

At Minneapolis he created a sensation by knocking out Stuart McLean in seven rounds. Stuart had just completed a record of eighteen k. o.'s. Stuart closed Anderson's both eyes and battered him from pillar to post. The spectators pleaded with the referee to "stop it." A left hook to the body and a terrific right cross to the chin laid low McLean as if shot.

The Swedes in Minneapolis, thinking Anderson was one of their own, gave him a big banquet. An Irishman in the town spoiled the party by notifying the committee that Eddie was a Mick. He returned to Chicago where he defeated Harold Smith twice, Mandell, Dundee, Ernie Goozeman, Joey Sangor, twice, Patsy Flanagan, Terry Martin and Pete Sarmiento.

Pete Stone

His next stop was at Cleveland. He was matched with Johnny Horvath at 128 pounds. Eddie thought up the bright idea of having a shoemaker make him iron soles to put on his shoes. He shuffled his way to the scales and tipped the beam at the 126 notch. It was like agony walking on the irons. But in his next fight with Johnny Nichols, the officials caught him red-handed and exposed his ruse. He whipped Norvath and Nichols and Willie Ames thrown in for good measure. At Milwaukee he walloped the daylights out of Johnny Curtain and outfought Bushey Graham.

WHEN he returned to Chicago he discovered the game was in poor shape because of the unhappy ending of the Pinkey Mitchell-Benny Leonard fracas. He met up with Sammy Green, who was playing in "Is Zat So?" He advised him to look up Duffy when he was in New York.

"Duffy is a great manager, he'll get you plenty of work and he's a square shooter," Green said to Anderson.

Before teaming up with Duffy, Anderson electrified a large crowd at Henderson's Bowl, Brooklyn, by smacking Charley Goodman all over the ring. Goodman had just returned from a victorious stand in Cleveland where he knocked out Carl Tremaine.

Six months ago, to be exact, Anderson asked Duffy to handle him. They have made a happy combination ever since. Under Duffy's management Anderson defeated Billy Levine again;

(*Continued on page* 28)

Harry Forbes—One of Prize Ring "Dandies"

By TIM McGRATH

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ONE'S mind doesn't have to run very far back to recall Harry Forbes. Harry was one of two brothers who originated in Chicago, both great little fighters, but Harry was the better of the two, for he became bantamweight champion of the world, claiming the title when Terry McGovern graduated into the featherweight class, and he held the title for about two years, when he was knocked out in two rounds by Frankie Neil of San Francisco.

So much for that. Now getting back to Forbes. Harry was a very dapper little fellow, a swell dresser, and when he went in the ring he was always very careful that his trunks were new and perfectly clean, that his shoes were well blacked, and that his hair was combed and smooth. There was another little champion that was like that—Abe Attel. But Abe had an object. He not only looked neat when he went in the ring, but he made his seconds keep him that way throughout the fight; he always took a small pocket comb into the ring with him, and he insisted that one of his seconds run the comb through his hair quickly when he came to his corner at the end of each round.

His object was very clear. The spectators, seeing how neat he looked, would say, "Look at Abie—beating his man without so much as mussing his hair," and the referee, of course, might be influenced in rendering his decision if, at the finish, he saw one fighter all roughed up and the other with his hair still neatly combed.

* * * * *

Always Pays to Watch for Tricks

WELL, as I was saying, Forbes was always very neat in the ring, and, after he was whipped by Neil he was matched with a boy named Joe Cherry. Now Joe, though never a champion, was a clever, smart chap, and he knew of Harry's peculiarity of always wanting to look neat.

When the bell rang for the first round, therefore, he came out of his corner briskly, as did Forbes, and they had just squared away and started fiddling for an opening when Harry was astounded, as was all the audience, to see Cherry drop his arms suddenly and step back out of range.

Forbes, naturally, dropped his arms and stepped back too. "What's the matter" he asked perplexedly, "why's he stopping?"

Cherry, stepping up closer, pointed his glove at Harry's head. "Your hair," he explained, "it's all mussed up.

"I won't fight with a fellow who's hair is like that. Why don't you have a little pride and fix yourself up a little before you step into the ring to box with a gentleman?"

The talk got Forbes' goat. "Mind your business," he growled "come on and fight!"

But, as he spoke, he subsconsciously put up his gloved hands to smooth down his hair, and, as he did, Cherry stepped in and cracked him one squarely on his unprotected chin.

The punch was so hard and unexpected that Forbes nearly measured his length on the floor, but he managed to scramble up and to grab Cherry around the waist; he was badly dazed, though, and for five rounds he took a bad beating, with the crowd evenly divided, some berating Cherry for the trick he had played and others urging him to go in and finish his job.

Cherry did the best he could, but, despite the advantage of his trick, he was unable to put in a decisive punch, and after the fifth round Forbes' head cleared and he began boxing his best until in the thirteenth round, after more than making up for what Cherry had done to him, he sent a hard right to the jaw and knocked his man on his head.

* * * * *

Tricks Unfair If Played on Champions

I GAVE Cherry a lot of credit for that trick, because it was a fool trick for a champion to be caught on, but Forbes thought the trick was very unfair, and every time you mentioned Cherry's name in his presence he would become boiling mad.

"A fellow who would play a trick like that would steal chickens," he'd say, "the dirty dub!"

But a month or two later Forbes himself, fighting a real dub, a setup, tried the very same trick and got away with it.

That, however, was all right, for every times Forbes told about it in later years he would laugh and explain just how he did it.

"And the darned fool fell for it," he'd say, "what do you know about that!"

AS WE SEE IT—EDITORIAL

(*Continued from page 23*)

Benny has a true friend and loyal supporter, but in all spirit of fairness, the writer feels it would be most unjust to the boys who fought for the title vacated by Leonard, were Benny given any encouragement by the Boxing Commission in his quest to "defend his title." When Leonard retired, in good faith, the Boxing Board accepted his announcement with a spirit of regret and formulated plans for an elimination tourney which subsequently Jimmy Goodrich won. Goodrich is recognized even by the National Boxing Federation of this country and in England as the champion and the only way Jimmy can lose that crown now is in the ring.

Adds to Confusion

A RADICAL change in the method of arriving at boxing decisions was instituted a few weeks ago by the New York State Boxing Commission. This change, brought about through a large number of questionable verdicts, decisions which caused considerable ill feeling, was designed as a means for insuring eminently fair rulings.

We do not doubt the good motive behind this latest move of the New York Commissioners, but we do doubt the practicability of their plan. It is undoubtedly a move in the wrong direction.

By the new order, decisions hereafter will be decided on the number of rounds credited to each boxer instead of on points as heretofore in vogue. This method of arriving at decisions is certain to create more dissention than under the old ruling as under this plan; ofttimes the better man will be declared the loser.

A boxer may be floored twenty times in the last four rounds and be on the verge of a knockout, yet be awarded the verdict under the new rule because he was credited with eight of the eleven rounds.

In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Suggestion for Dempsey

THE plan proposed for the world series in baseball—that of rotating the classic around the major league circuits—seems to present some values to Jack Dempsey. Why not carry the fight with Harry Wills around the same circuit?

Here we have every city from New York to San Francisco mentioned as the probable scene of this possible but perhaps not probable encounter. Why not give everybody a shot at it? Two rounds in each city and let all the points count for the championship.

THIS system would fill at least fifteen arenas and give Dempsey more money than it would take to pay the French debt. The duration of this progressive battle should be limited to one month.

Ye Scribe Limericks!

THE Dempsey situation has prompted us to indite this limerick:

There was a young "champ" from the West,
For fighting he sure had no zest.
So he doctored his nose,
In the movies to pose,
And signed with Wills for a ten round no decision bout in a state which has no boxing law and isn't likely to permit it.

More Work for Silos

THE word comes from our friend "Sparrow" Robertson in Paris that Nilles, the French heavyweight, has made a great comeback simply because he deserted Montmartre for a farm far from the Boulevards.

Many a farm has a vacant silo waiting for some of our American heavyweights.

It's a wise champion who knows when not to fight and that, apparently, is constantly.

Commissioner Bugbee of the New Jersey Boxing Board has come out with an interesting suggestion. He wants the various commissions to interchange referees.

What Ho, Mr. Bugbee!

HAS Mr. Bugbee no regard for the life, welfare and limbs of the august referees? Does not Mr. Bugbee know that the principal asset of most of the referees is an intimate knowledge of all the exits leading from the various fight clubs, and the ability to choose the exit least known to the always ebullient public?

The Bugbee plan may be feasible if the various commissions will furnish blue prints to the imported referees, giving the best data for unobtrusive retirements.

The Only System

THE New York Boxing Commission has found the system of deciding winners on points unsatisfactory and the referees have protested against the new system of deciding on rounds. The one and only system yet remains—the system of common sense backed by the determination for a square deal.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 14, 1936 —BENNY LEONARD, THE RETIRED LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION, STILL IS IN DOUBT AS TO WHETHER HE SHOULD STAY IN RETIREMENT OR FIGHT FIDEL LA BARBA, THE NEW WELTERWEIGHT TITLE HOLDER.

Why hasn't some enterprising boxing promoter or manager taken hold of "Red" Grange? He would do as well as some of the other collegians we have seen in the roped arena. He'll run as far from a tackle as anybody now in the ring and he's a rapid calculator of percentages.

This Sounds Wrong

FRANK SLAVIN says he made Sullivan crawl into a hole. According to all these reports John L. spent most of his time imitating a prairie dog. And yet his record shows considerable action. Somebody must be wrong.

Paolino knocked out Breitenstraetter for the championship of Europe! Wurra, wurra, and what's become of the Mahers and the Sullivans and the rist of the bys across the Irish Channel? Ochone, ochone—that the Gaels should live to see the day!

And it's a sad day for England, too. The paolinos and the Camaraos and the Spallas and the Breittenstraetters are making the boxing excitement while the land that developed Jem Mace and Broughton and Jackson and Figg stands by and doesn't lift a fist.

Not a Slow Moment

IF the Army-Navy football game is played in New York again the Boxing Commission will insist that the service authorities obtain a license to hold bouts.

Many a married man knows that there is more action in a rolling pin than there is in the average heavyweight fight these days.

TO THE GIGGLING WOMAN IN THE FOURTH ROW WE SAY THAT SHE IS WRONG. THE ABOVE PARAGRAPH IS NOT AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

Beware of another Dempsey-Firpo bout. The signs point to its being in the making. Why rob the junk pile?

A Possibility for 1930

ONE of these days "Pa" Stribling will let "Young" fight somebody.

"Pa" has reversed the old process with his hopeful. The time was when a boxer went on a one night stand tour after he had passed his peak.

California is going to fall for Carpentier, who has been matched for a bout at Los Angeles. "Carp" should be matched with Jim Jeffries, who probably could beat him at that.

(*Continued on page* 38)

Army and Navy May Soon Furnish World's Champion

By "JERSEY" JONES

BOXING is the major sport of Your Uncle Samuel's protectors —the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps. Yet, of the thousands of youngsters that have put in time in one of these three branches of war service, not one ever has moved himself into a world's pugilistic title, strange though it may seem.

The nearest any of these thousands has come to copping a crown was when Tom Sharkey, of the Navy, twice carried Jim Jeffries along on fairly even terms, only to bow to the official decision on each occasion—first in twenty rounds in Frisco, then in twenty-five sessions at Coney Island.

At this writing, however, there are four exceptionally good bets bidding for the highest honors in their respective divisions. Gene Tunney, a product of the Marines, is shooting for Jack Dempsey's laurels; Eddie Huffman, recently graduated from the Navy, is stepping right along after a crack at Paul Berlenbach's light-heavyweight diadem, while Honey Boy Finnegan, another erstwhile gob, and Bobby Garcia, developed in the Army, are rated two of Louis Kid Kaplan's most dangerous featherweight rivals.

All four of these leather-pushers are exclusive products of the service. Tunney, it is true, did a bit of nose-denting before he enlisted with the Marines, but it really was while serving with the leathernecks that Gene developed his fistic qualifications, and became imbued with serious pugilistic ambitions. The padded mittens were total strangers to Huffman, Finnegan and Garcia before they started drawing their monthly checks from Your Uncle Samuel.

THE chances of the entire quartet moving into world's titles appear to be exceptionally bright. Tunney unquestionably has established himself as a real contender for Dempsey's laurels, and there are those who will back Gene to the limit in a scrap with the Manassa Mauler. Tunney probably would not figure to beat Dempsey, but his youth, speed, skill and hitting power would give him better than an outside chance.

Huffman is not quite ready to bid for a slam at Berlenbach, but Eddie is an unusually promising youngster, with a lot of natural ability. With the proper sort of handling and experience, another year ought to find him prepared to step out and try his luck against Oom Paul—provided, of course Oom Paul still is in possession of the title by that time. Regardless, however, of who happens to be the champion one year from now, he'll have to reckon seriously with Eddie Huffman.

There seems to be considerable doubt existing concerning Finnegan's ability to make the featherweight limit, 126 pounds. Honey Boy, a tall, rangy lad, has been scaling in the general neighborhood of 130 pounds for his recent engagements, and the belief has become prevalent that reducing to 126 would seriously weaken him. Indications are that the Boston southpaw will decide shortly to announce his graduation from the featherweight ranks and start shooting for the lightweight crown that at present reposes more or less securely on the noble conk of Jimmy Goodrich.

Garcia, a real featherweight, is a dangerous contender for Kaplan's laurels. As a matter of sober fact, those who have seen the three battles Bobby and the Kid have already figured in believe that the Army Assassin is the better manipulator of the upholstered mittens.

If, by the end of December, 1926, at least one of this quartet isn't holding a world's title, then the writer will have established himself as a decidedly phoney picker. We predict Huffman at least will win a crown.

Anderson and Devodi Blazing Their Way to Stardom

(*Continued from page* 25)

stopped Nat Pincus in eleven rounds; beat Pete Sarmiento twice, Vincent Sanchez, Tommy Ryan, Billy Henry, Allentown Johnny Leonard, knocked out Joey Kaufman in seven, boxed two terrific tens with Benny Bass in Philadelphia scoring a knockdown in the second fight, and in his very last fight dealt out terrific punishment to Edouard Mascart, European featherweight champion.

Levine, Sarmiento, Henry, Leonard and Mascart outweighed Anderson all the way from five to ten pounds. In two of four fights with Sarmiento at Cleveland they drew record breaking "gates." Since he has been with Duffy, Anderson has amassed a tidy bankroll. "We're like brothers," said Eddie to the writer. "He's boss; any matches he makes I'm ready to go through with them. He's like a father to me."

Pete Stone, who had Anderson plastered in the first Astey fight, is now assisting Duffy handling him in the ring.

DIVODI is the most talked of prospect ever known. He was born on January 19, 1906, on Sixty-fourth Street, between First and Avenue A. Two years ago he was induced to put on the gloves. He represented the Ozanam and Greek-American clubs in amateur competition. He lost only four out of 100 battles, scoring seventy-five knockouts. He was crowned Brooklyn and Long Island 130-pounds champion.

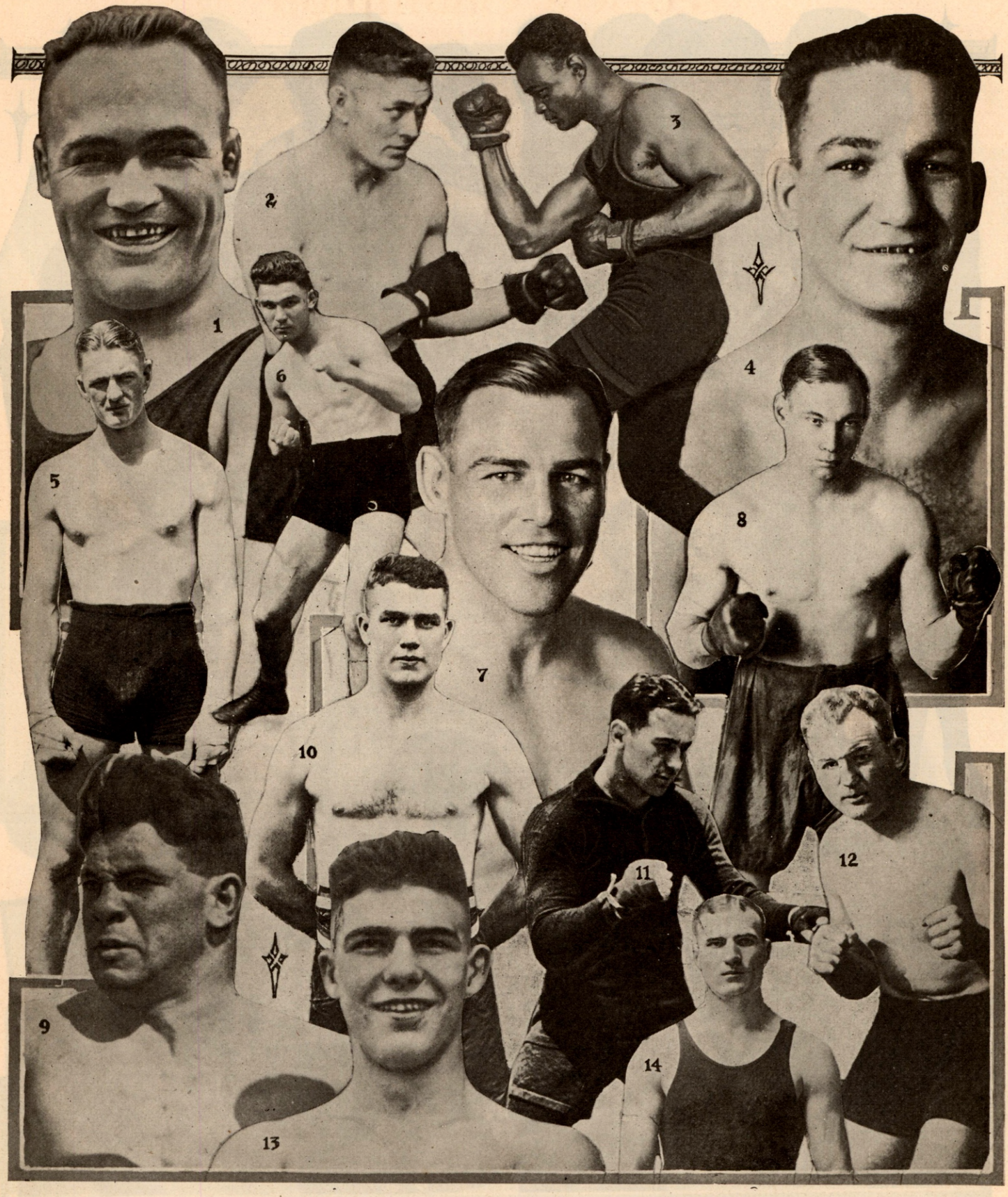
Jerry Pelton dragged him out of the simon pures and started him in the "pro" ranks. He has triumphed in sixteen straight starts, scoring seven knockouts. Some of his victims include Irves Horellou, Young Santa Maria, Joe Grosso, Phil Richards, Paul Aubertin, Frank Moore, Pete Husic, Willie Patterson, Harry Duerr, Walter Plona and Joe Desmond.

Divodi stands five feet seven inches. He is a natural 135-pounder. He is matched with Kid Lee, of Boston, for the New England lightweight title.

Divodi is one of a great number of newsboys that have made good in the ring. His predecessors include Abe Attell, "Mushy" Gallahan, K. O. Brown, Jack Lowery, the Gardners, George, Billy and Jimmy; Pete Herman, Twin Sullivans, Terry McGovern and Johnny Kilbane.

Pelton turned Divodi over to Duffy for the good reason that Bill has the knack of making remunerative matches for his charges. Jerry continues to train him. Divodi says he is going to continue hustling newspapers until he becomes a champion. He lives with his parents, three brothers and a sister on Fifty-seventh Street and Fourth Avenue in the Bayridge section of Brooklyn.

Dempsey's Leading Rivals and Other Heavyweights



1—*Jack Renault*
2—*Gene Tunney*
3—*Harry Wills*
4—*King Solomon*
5—*Knute Hanson*
6—*Ade Stone*
7—*Bud Gorman*
8—*Solly Montgomery*
9—*Uzudun Paolino*
10—*Jim Sigman*
11—*Jim Maloney*
12—*Bob Fitzsimmons, Jr.*
13—*Young Stribling*
14—*Soldier Jack Adams*

A Crop of Light Heavies and Middleweights

1—*Jack Delaney*
2—*Maxey Rosenbloom*
3—*Tiger Flowers*
4—*Mike McTigue*
5—*Dave Shade*
6—*Frank Moody*
7—*Leo Lemski*
8—*Eddie Huffman*
9—*Tommy Loughran*
10—*Jimmy Slattery*
11—*Jack De Mave*
12—*Speedy Sparks*
13—*Jack Reddy*
14—*Tony Marullo*
15—*Joey Hicks*

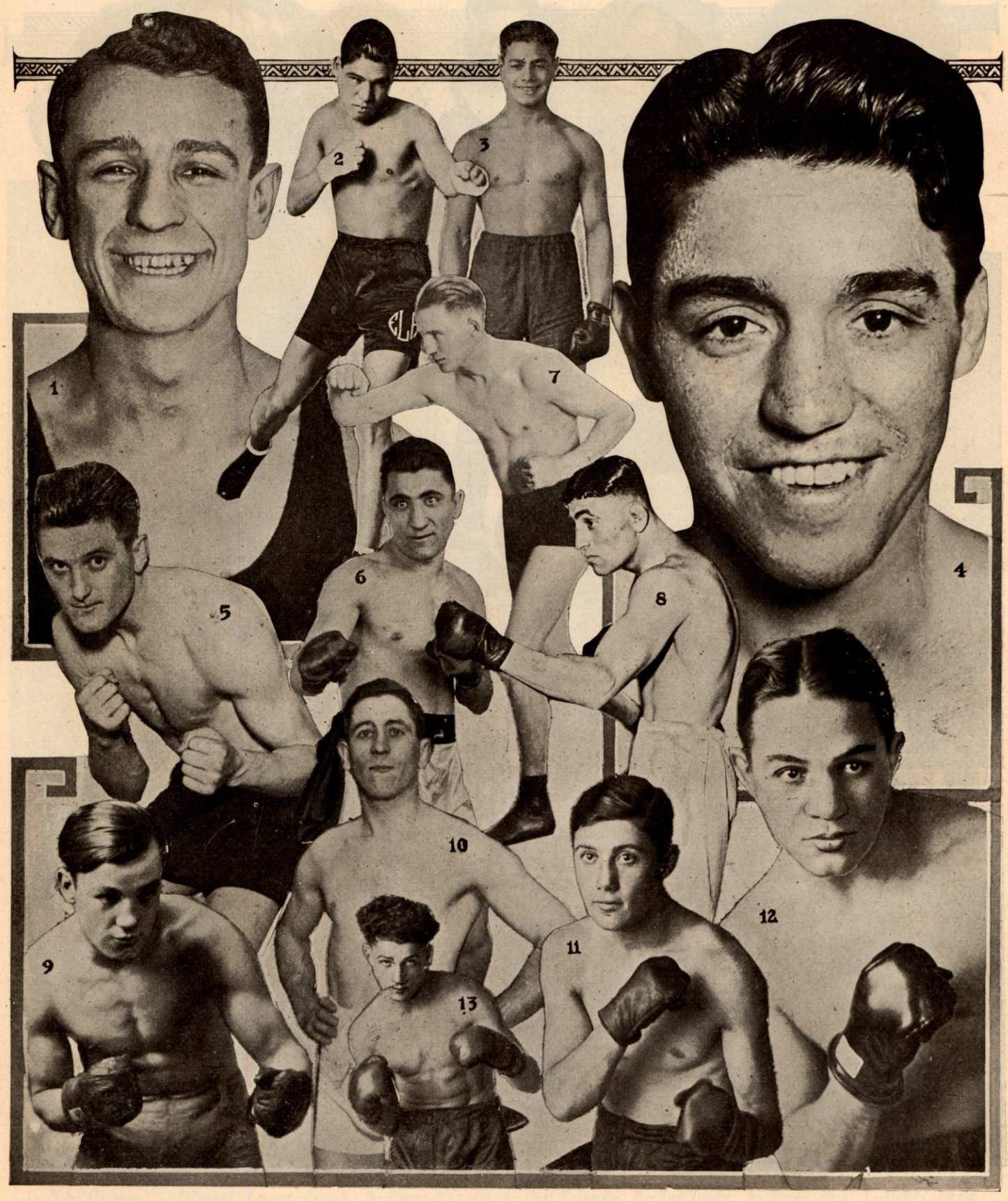
Batch of Classy Welters and Middleweights

1—*Tommy Milligan;* 2—*Sergeant Sammy Baker;* 3—*Red Herring;* 4 —*Sailor Friedman;* 5—*Lew Tendler;* 6—*Jack Zivic;* 7—*Jack McVey;* 8—*Paul Doyle;* 9—*Phil Kaplan;* 10—*Georgie Ward;* 11—*Joe Dundee;* 12—*Frankie Schoell.*

Boys Who Commanded Some Attention this Year

1—*Johnny Rocco;* 2—*Honey Boy Finnegan;* 3—*Carl Duane;* 4—*Mike Dundee;* 5—*Tony Vacarelli;* 6—*Johnny Leonard;* 7—*Joey Kaufman;* 8—*Ruby Goldstein;* 9—*Boots Antley;* 10—*Eddie Kid Wagn er;* 11—*Bud Ridley;* 12—*Red Chapman;* 13—*Solly Seeman.*

These Lightweights Were a Busy Lot This Year



1—*Sid Terris;* 2—*Stanislaus Loayea;* 3—*Charley Rosen;* 4—*Sammy Mandell;* 5—*Luis Vincentini;* 6—*Sid Barbarian;* 7—*Tommy O'Brien;* 8—*Jack Bernstein;* 9—*Tommy Kid Murphy;* 10—*Lucien L. Vinez;* 11—*Harry Felix;* 12—*Basil Galiano;* 13—*Andy Divodi.*

Some of the Gamecocks of the Roped Arena

1—*Frankie Genaro;* 2—*Corporal Izzy Schwartz;* 3—*Johnny Breslin;* 4—*Sencio Moldez;* 5—*Al Brown;* 6—*Andy Martin;* 7—*Black Bill (Valdez);* 8—*Ernie Jarvis, England;* 9—*Joey Ross;* 10—*Johnny Brown, England;* 11—*Sammy Schack.*

A Few of the Good Feathers and Junior Lightweights

1—*Babe Herman.* 2—*Edouard Mascart, French.* 3—*Danny Kramer.* 4—*Carl Tremaine.* 5—*Bud Taylor.* 6—*Bennie Bass.* 7—*Bobby Garcia.* 8—*Ray Miller.* 9—*Pete Sarmiento.* 10—*Bushy Graham.* 11—*Lew Hurley.* 12—*Eddie Anderson.* 13—*Chuck Suggs.*

Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

PARIS, Dec. 1—(Special Correspondence of THE RING.

During the past few weeks there has been several upsets in European boxing, the biggest of which was the defeat on points in a ten round fight of Camarao, the champion of Portugal, the giant who weighs around 250 pounds, and stands in his stocking feet 6¼ inches, by the Belgium champion, Jack Humbeeck, who is 60 pounds lighter, and seven and a half inches shorter in height.

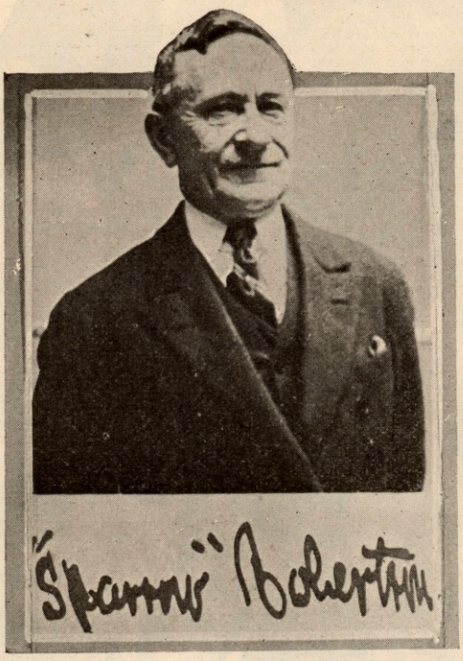
The fight which was held at the Crystal Palace, Lisbon, had its comic side attached to it. There were three promoters concerned in the show and one of the partners had $1,500 counterfeit tickets printed, which he used exclusively for himself. The result was tha ton the night of the entertainment there were more fights galore among the holders o ftickets, and the Republican Guards, who were present to preserve order, fired out the seat fighters and occupied the places themselves.

For three rounds the giant made a fair fight of it and had a shade the better of the sessions. In the fourth round Humbeeck landed a straight left to the nose which brought forth, before the fight ended, fully a pint of blood. After getting that punch on the nose the giant displayed the fact that he lacked the gameness which is required to make the real fighter.

The giant is a wonderful favorite with his countrymen and women, and when the fight began to go against him, men were biting their lips and scores of women were weeping. Their fool giant, the supposed "invincible," was being battered from rope to rope but the weak punching Humbeeck was unable to put him away and the giant was able to stay the limit.

Camarao, is the fighter who his managers intended to spring on the American public next spring. What a bloomer he would be even against American Third raters, is obvious from his poor showing against Humbeeck.

AT the weighing time for the recent fight between Kid Francis, and Andre Routis to decide the French title, Routis, the holder, was unable to make the weight, and the championship passed to Francis before he entered the ring. Francis, who is a corking fine little fighter, was quite willing to go on with the bout although he was giving away about six pounds, and even with that handicap against him, he easily won on points. He clearly took ten out of the scheduled fifteen rounds. Francis is the best



bantam-weight developed in France since the days of Eugene Criqui.

Boxing is going very big in Paris. The syndicate that is running the shows here is sparing no expense to get the best of the European battlers show their wares.

The sensation of the heavyweights here in Europe during the past two months has been Paolino, the "Lion of the Pyrenees" who eats raw beef and fears no man. The "Lion" has won eight consecutive fights all by knockouts. He started by toppling over the best of the English heavyweights, Phil Scott, and his latest victim was the former French champion Nilles.

General Descamps, the new manager of Paolino, has certainly made a big improvement in the boxing of the "Lion" since taking hold of him a couple of months ago, and Paolino should be a big American attraction. The last two fights the "Lion" will have before sailing for the States on December 15, will be with Breitenstraeter, who is now dubbed "The Tiger of Germany," and with the Canadian heavyweight, Soldier Jones.

IN Spain there is a corking good featherweight fighter by the name of Ruiz. He stopped the Belgium champion, Hebrans, who is a very clever fellow, in the ninth of a scheduled fifteen round fight.

Boxing is going big in Spain, and the big Bull Ring of Madrid, is generally packed to capacity, when an international match is on. The fights given in Spain, are staged under the auspices of a syndicate and it handles the business very well.

Peguilhan, the former amateur champion heavyweight of France, made his professional debut at the Salle Wagram, Paris, recently against the champion of Hungary, M. Marthe. The Frenchman stopped the Hungarian in seven rounds.

Peguilhan, has a fine physique. In fact, he is almost a duplicate of Jack Dempsey in build—but he can't fight like the champion. Peguilham sadly lacks ring craft, but he is young, and if taken in hand by some expert such as General Descamps he might be developed into a first class fighter.

Paolino, the "Lion of the Pyrenees" as he is now called, has won up to date eight consecutive fights, all by knockouts, since he has been in the General Descamps stable. Sparring with Georges Carpentier has certainly improved the "Lion."

Paolino is certainly there with the wallop, but he still lacks science to be called a tip top heavy-weight. He can also take the punch, in fact he has never been knocked down during his ring career. The writer recently asked Descamps if

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he would let his battler fight Gene Tunney. "Yes," said the general, "but not yet. I want him to have something easier, such as Young Stribling, or the Buffalo fighter, Jimmy Slattery."

Kid Socks, of England, who many claim is a second Jimmy Wilde, will shortly have a fight in Paris, with the flyweight champion of France, M. Moracchini. The latter is a very fair fighter, but it will not require such an expert boxer as Jimmy Wilde was to beat him.

THE Phil Scott-Joe Goddard match which was arranged by the National Sporting Club of London, to be fought in the near future, has been declared off. Scott refused to go on with the match unless it carried along with it the championship of Great Britain.

Hans Heeser II, a German middleweight defeated the French champion, Prunier, in the first of a scheduled ten round bout. The German, who is a very clever fellow, sent home so many stiff blows to the face in the round that he nearly closed both the eyes of the Frenchman, who then abandoned the fight.

Andre Routis, the former bantamweight champion of France, who has outgrown the weight, will now fight as a featherweight. Routis is a good game little fighter, and his services will be in as great demand in the heavier class as they were in the bantam.

Erminio Spalla, the Italian heavyweight champion of Europe, has signed up to fight Paolino, for the European title, on the return of Paolino from his American trip.

Boxing is going very big in Germany, especially in Berlin. Very fair money is paid to the fighters there, and English and French boxers make frequent trips to the old enemy country.

Boxing is, with other sports, doing considerable to brink back friendship with Germany. French and English athletes receive fair treatment in Germany, and when athletes from Germany perform in France or England, they are treated the same way.

Gus Sprenger, alias Jim Duffy and Jim Flanagan, is now one of the leading instructors of boxing in Berlin. Gus comes from New York City, and formerly lived in West 29th Street. He is under the impression that the Germans will rival America in the boxing line withn the next few years.

Boxing News from Venezuela

By F. HORACE GONZALEZ D'AVILA

THE virile sport of exchanging punches has taken deep root in Venezuela. For the last few months, plenty of Firpos in embryo have been trying to emulate the Wild Bull of the Pampas.

Among the South American champions who arrived here was Eduardo Lagos, Chilean middleweight who recently returned from a visit to New York. Busy Billy, a dusky and husky wielder of the mitts, decided to swop punches with the Chilean with the result that Lagos got such a terrible mauling at the hands of the Trinidadian welterweight, that he was floored twenty-five times in the first match. The admirers of the Chilean were disappointed and Lagos, to cover the sting of his defeat, claimed that it was a chance blow in the first round which kept him groggy throughout the contest.

A second match was decided upon, and Lagos was defeated worse than in the first. The referee had to stop the fight in the fourth round as Lagos was being pulverized.

Busy Billy is the welterweight champion of Trinidad, a British West Indian possession, and contemplates taking a trip to the States to try conclusions with any man his weight. Busy Billy has ten knockouts to his credit. His two latest victims were Pedro Godin champion of Panama (now in the States) and Eduardo Lagos.

Jack Dempsey Is Wills' Master

(*Continued from page* 11)

weight champions, they frowned on Walcott and changed the subject when a match was suggested. Rube Ferns, holder of the welter title, met Walcott and defeat in the same ring.

Walcott made inquiries as to a match with Corbett for the heavy title but was completely ignored. Among Walcott's heavyweight victims were Joe Choynski and Dan Creedon. It is known that Joseph once upset Tom Sharkey in training quarters and was eager for a bout with Corbett.

Dixie Kid was another great negro boxer, who won the welter title from Walcott in a 20 round bout to a decision, and then went to Paris and knocked out the great Georges Carpentier in the 5th round.

As a bantam George Dixon outclassed the entire field and won the world's title in that class and also in the featherweight division. Dixon was on the down grade when McGovern reached him in the featherweight class. Could Dixon, at his best as a bantam, have met McGovern in that class it would have furnished a thrilling battle, with the white boy on top.

Joe Gans at his best versus Leonard at top form, would have been the real fireworks, with Gans the winner. Gans was a master in ring tactics.

CHAMPIONS AND CONTENDERS

(*Continued from page* 7)

Johnny Brennan, Victor Manalo, J. Breslin.

* * *

Foreign Invasion

The foreign invasion has the boys on edge. The latest European scrappers to come here are Johnny Brown, English bantamweight champion and outright winner and holder of the famous Lonsdale belt; Lucien Vinez, lightweight titleholder; Tommy Milligan, welter and middleweight champion, and Ernie Jarvis, crack flyweight.

Milligan celebrated his American debut by trouncing Morris Schlaiffer. He went back to his beloved Scotland and has returned to box Walker for the world welterweight title. Jarvis made a profound impression on Gotham fans. Ernie whipped Johnny Breslin, Young Dencio, Wee Willie Woods and Black Bill. Vinez got off to a rough start. His first opponent was Charley Rosen. Although he whipped Rosen the judges and referee agreed on the American. Two of the officials lost their jobs because of the unjust verdict.

Brown has come here—his fifth trip—in quest of Rosenberg's crown. He captured the Lonsdale belt by virtue of his victory over Mick Hill whom he knocked out in London five weeks ago. Milligan dethroned Ted (Kid) Lewis for the welter title, and Bruno Frattini for the middleweight.

Tommy Freeman, welter champ of the south, is said to be a pocket edition of Tom Gibbons. He has engaged in a little over fifty contests and has won over Pinkey Mitchell, Johnny Tillman, Jimmy Jones and Frisco McHale. Only the other night he knocked out Al Walthers in four rounds at Cleveland.

Dixie La Hood hails from Butte, Mont. Dixie has whipped Abe Goldstein and held Pete Sarmiento to a draw. Young Datto is dangerous in the junior lightweight class. They say every time he hits a man he raises lumps on his head. "Mushy" Callahan is boomed as a second Jim Corbett. He is a straight right hand puncher. After the Hudkins fight he hurt his hands and will be on the sidelines for several weeks.

Honey Boy Finnegan may ascend the top rung of the featherweight ladder. He gave Johnny Dundee a bad beating in Washington and grabbed the "duke" over Babe Herman in Boston. Benny Bass can't get fights because he hits too hard. Bobby Garcia recently staged a great comeback by licking Danny Kramer and knocking out Johnny Kochansky.

There is a future middleweight star on the Coast in the person of Leo Lomski. He is being touted as a second Stanley Ketchell. A quick k. o. of Bert Colima was one of his feats.

JUST AN EARFUL

(*Continued from page* 14)

ton (here with John L. Sullivan), Giant Joe McAuliffe (San Francisco's Mission Boy), Peter Maher (the Dublin brewer's carter), and others. Jim Corbett handed Maher the championship of the world.

"I could go on all day mentioning cases in support, but what's the use? My contention has been proved up to the hilt."

IN A LIGHTER VEIN

(*Continued from page* 27)

Scott, England's new heavyweight champion, is out to break Joe Beckett's record for kissing the canvas. Scott is only two osculations behind the Gypsy.

It has been suggested in Merrie England that the ring floors be moved to the ceiling and thus obviate the tendency toward horizontal position which has been rampant among its big fellows.

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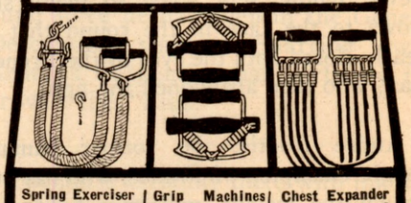

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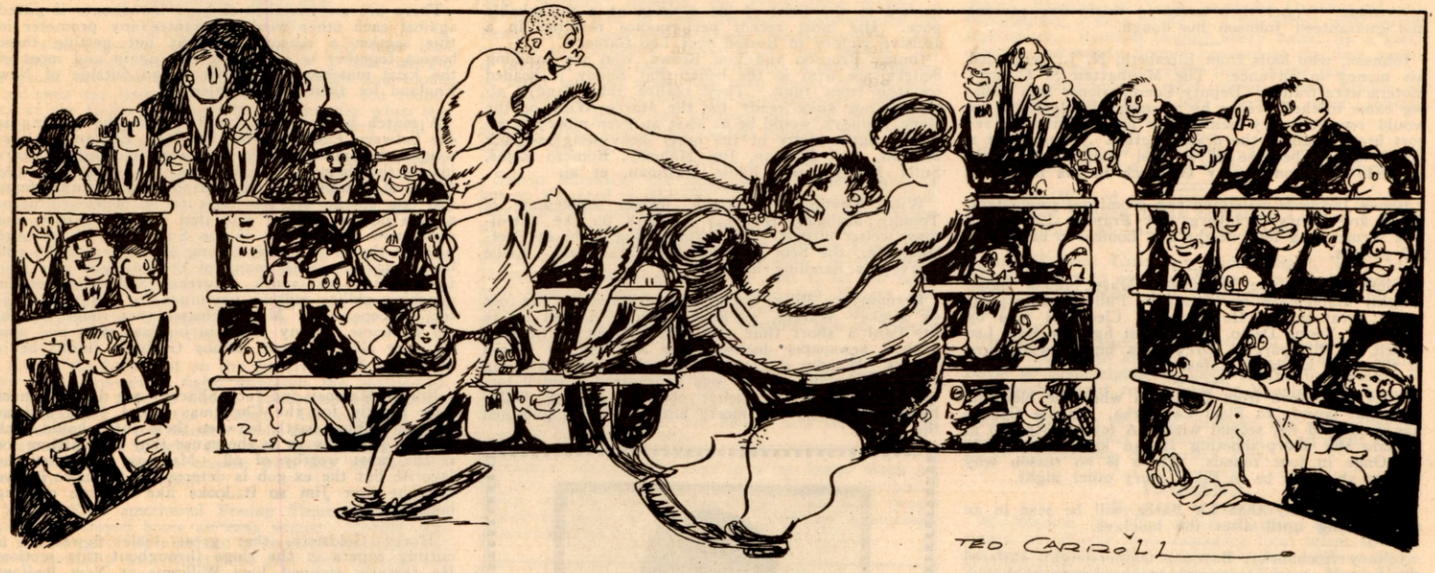


Minute Rests Between Rounds

By LEFT JAB

THREE titular duels, one with an International flavor, were waged previous to the holidays in the new Madison Square Garden. The honor of opening Tex Rickard's wonderful arena fell to the lot of Paul Berlenbach and Jack Delaney. Twenty-five thousand frantic fans saw the Astoria Assassin defend his world light heavyweight laurels against the sure shot from Bridgeport, Conn. The slugfest on December 11 helped to make fresh pugilistic history.

One week later Louis (Kid) Kaplan staked his all with Babe Herman. The featherweight battle for supremacy drew another large crowd. The profits from these two contests drew a smile from Rickard's granite countenance. In other words, Texy is off to a great start, financially speaking. A few more "gates" like these, and Rickard will be able to make his millionaire backers believe that boxing is the real mahog.

Jimmy Goodrich, synthetic lightweight king, battled Lucien Vinez, French titleholder, on the Christmas Fund card, December 23.

The hundreds of fistic enthusiasts who wended their way in the new amphitheatre were forced to rub their eyes when they lamped the place. They were astonished to see the wonderful improvements made over the old Garden, and were high in praise of Rickard's foresight. "This place is too swell for fights," was the general comment heard. Another thing that pleased them immensely was the fact that they could smoke to their heart's content. Rickard has installed ten suction fans to draw the smoke out of the enclosure.

A spacious rotunda lends egress to both the upper and lower levels and no posts obstruct the view in the arena proper, which measures 110x245 feet. The ring is equipped with many new ideas for the comfort of both the boxers and the spectators. The contestants enter from a passageway leading directly from under the floor of the ring; the corners are equipped with running water and other special outfits. An illuminated automatic clock indicates the rounds and keeps tab for the fans in the count with the official timer.

According to a man close to Rickard, the overhead will run yearly not less than $800,000.

Mickey Walker did not electrify the large crowd at Newark in his last victorious stand against Sailor Friedman. The welter king looked very much off color. He promised his friends that he would stow away the tough Chicagoan in six heats. They took him at his word. When the end of the sixth came and the Sailor was not lying in a horizontal position the boys gave Mick the well known razz.

Friedman came on with a fine burst of speed in the eleventh punching Mickey all over the place. His late rally availed the Sailor nothing. He lost the fight because he was timid and refused to force the milling. For the most part he was on the defensive. Walker disappointed in that he didn't show some of his old punishing tactics at close quarters.

The show was a financial disappointment. The promoters—the Four Horsemen of the Apple Sauce—Black, Blaufuss, Culnan and Kline, blew $2,000. The "gate" reached the $18,000 figures.

It is a matter of record that Walker since he dethroned Jack Britton, hasn't made a quarter for promoters. Two or three times he had to kick back some of his guarantee to keep the sheriff away from the doors of the promoters. He received $10,000 for the Friedman scrap. In California when he fought Lefty Cooper the "gate" was very light.

Perfumery Jack Kearns, Mickey's manager, was arrested and fined $250 on the Coast recently for using abusive language to policemen directing traffic. Mickey was heartbroken when Kearns refused to come on and second him against Friedman.

Ruby Goldstein is putting on weight rapidly. Now he is a full fledged lightweight. He celebrated his entrance in the 135-pound division by left hooking the veteran Bud Dempsey to a decisive victory at the old Pioneer. He scored a knockdown in the third stanza. Ruby is only allowed to fight sixes because he is under age. In the closing rounds Bud took some vicious rights on the jaw. The house was a complete sellout. Goldie is one of the most popular ringsters developed in the Ghetto. He has a following as large as that of Sid Terris. In the semi-final Joe Souza, Dempsey's stablemate, got his'n at the hands of Izzy Cooper. Watch Ruby's smoke from now on!

Recollect Young Otto? He was one of the greatest punchers that ever laced on a glove. A few days ago Otto was granted a license to referee bouts. He should make more than good. The fans may not recognize him by name, for he will be announced as Arthur Susskind. Otto in his heyday flattened scores of lights and welters. He was a punching fool.

Eddie Huffman came through like a house on fire in his first appearance in New York. He thrilled a record-breaking crowd at the Pioneer by battering Jack De Mave from pillar to post. The coast sailor demonstrated that he is to be feared by the few top-notchers in the light heavyweight division.

Huffman floored De Mave with a terrific left hook right out of the box. This punch practically finished the Hobokenite. In one of the late rounds a right cross spilled Jack again for a "nine" count. De Mave knocked Eddie to his knees twice. They fought like a pair of wildcats. Huffman sprained his ankle but he refused to take a back step.

Huffman punished De Mave severely splitting his lip. The cut was so bad that De Mave was forced to go to a hospital after the bout where a doctor put it together with six stitches. De Mave outweighed the youngster almost fifteen pounds.

Through it all the sailor proved that he is one of the shiftiest big fellows seen around in an age; he is a fairly good puncher and has genuine fighting instinct. His greatest asset is a devasting left hook. There is no doubt that the youngster has arrived. He is only twenty-three years old, and in the short time he has been in there he has performed remarkably well. His last feat was the licking he dealt out to Young Stribling before he left California to come to New York. Charley Cook is handling him. On the Coast he was managed by Solly Harris.

Milton Weiss, former International amateur champion, is making rapid strides in the "pro" ranks. In the past two months, according to his manager, Ben Embinder, he whipped Bernie Hufnagle, Andy Williams, Sandy Taylor and Gats Gargano. Ben is anxious to match his welter jewel with Sergeant Sammy Baker.

For the second time in as many months the New York State Athletic Commission chopped off the heads of incompetent officials. The last pair to feel the axe were Andy Griffin and Al Comacho, referee and one of the judges, respectively, who awarded the verdict to Charley Rosen over Lucien Vinez, at the Broadway S. C., Brooklyn. The Frenchman beat Rosen by a few city blocks but Griffin and Comacho ruled otherwise. The newspaper men panned the decision for almost a week after the fight. Tommy Sheridan and Gene Sampson were set down indefinitely following the weird Harmon-Phil Kaplan decision.

Gene Tunney will not lace a glove on his hands for another two weeks. He injured his maulers in the Cleveland battle with John Risko. Billy Gibson, his manager, is anxious to match him with the Spaniard Paolino.

Lew Warshaw, Hebrew middleweight, looks like a good prospect. He has triumphed in four of five starts on big time. He whipped Eddie McMullen, Angelo Roaley and knocked out Billy Hector. Before entering the professional ranks Lew was an all round athlete. He scored innumerable points for Boys' High on the gridiron and the basketball courts.

Lew Hurley is enjoying a much needed vacation. He will not fight again until the middle of this month. He got a few of his molars busted in the Mascart fight. His sensational fighting will be missed.

Mike Valentine is beginning to show figures on the right side of the ledger for the Columbus S. C. backers up Yonkers way. Mike is learning fast the fine art of matchmaking. He is putting on real fights for Yonkers fans.

Johnny Grosso, Billy Gibson's heavyweight, who has just turned twenty-one, has amassed a wonderful record. He has triumphed in seventeen successive starts, scoring fourteen knockouts. The only men to go the limit with him were Homer Smith, Tom Roper and Joe Silvani.

They are singing the praises of little Dominick Petrone, who is cutting into the popularity of Lew Hurley up Harlem way. Petrone celebrated his debut over a route recently by holding Pete Zivic even. Petrone is a good boxer and a fair puncher. He is another amateur graduate. He has fought Sammy Shack, Al Brown, Johnny Breslin and Archie Bell.

Al Tripoli, formerly Jackie Williams, is another corking feather prospect. We make the prediction that before another six months has passed the Yonkers youth will be banging at the champion's door. Right now he is making some of the Yonkerites forget there is such a fighter as Jack Bernstein.

Tom McArdle is loafing, spending some of the hard earned money he made last summer making matches for Si Flaherty at the Queensboro Stadium. Tom has become a football nut. The reason: He is associated with Billy Gibson, who is the brains of the Professional Football League. Chubby McArdle doesn't have to crash the gate at the Polo Grounds. Every Sunday finds Tom shuffling his way all over the gridiron. He is a red hot fan—rooting principally for Gibson's team. Tom was offered a good salary to become Tex Rickard's matchmaker but he refused to accept same, demanding a percentage of the profits.

A graduate of the armories is proving a sensation. Vic Burrone is his name. He hails from Greenwich Village where Gene Tunney used to live. Burrone surprised the talent by flattening Frankie Fasano in three rounds. Two weeks later Victor decisively trounced Bobby Wolgast, of Philadelphia.

Carl Duane is coming along very nicely. In his last start he defeated Len Kemp after a three months' layoff. It looks like the former watchmaker will be able to show some of his old stuff.

Gene Johnson and his manager, Jim Reilly and Joseph Epstein, who directs the destinies of Sammy Vogel, felt the strong arm of the Commission. Their licenses were revoked. The official reason given was that they entered into some guarantee deal in violation of the law. Johnson, it was explained, was guaranteed $750. But main bout fighters must battle on a

percentage. Vogel then accepted thirty-five percent and guaranteed Johnson his dough.

Johnson, who hails from Elizabeth, N. J., demanded his money in advance. The Manhattan S. C. promoters were frantic. Deputy Commissioner Dan Skilling came to their rescue by assuring the Jerseyite he would receive every penny due him. Skilling's report brought about the drastic action. Johnson got a bit of a rep because of a good showing he made against Champion Jimmy Goodrich in his backyard.

Benny Jacobs is managing two promising youngsters. They are Henry Goldberg and Frankie Lombardo. The former is a lightweight and Lombardo can make 112 pounds.

Johnny Drew, the Worcester, Mass., junior lightweight, stablemate of Champion Phil Rosenberg, is going great guns. He surprised Cleveland fans by trouncing Young Datto. In his last fight he beat Leo Bedell, of Pittsburgh. Drew is a big drawing card in the New England States.

Since his return from California where he blew his flyweight laurels to Fidel La Barba, Frankie Genaro has recovered his second wind. A few nights ago in Buffalo the sharp-shooting Italian knocked out Vic St. Onge in four rounds. There is no reason why Genaro shouldn't be in there every other night.

It is not likely that La Barba will be seen in an eastern ring until after the holidays.

Johnny Kochansky, Bayonne featherweight, suffered the first k. o. of his career at the hands of Bobby Garcia, at Hartford, Conn. The Mexican-Indian ended the agony for the Jerseyite in the sixth stanza. Kochansky was out nearly fifteen minutes from the effects of the punch soporific.

Charley Harvey is pulling every imaginable wire to match Johnny Brown, who recently arrived from England, with Champion Rosenberg. Brown is the English bantamweight champion and outright winner and holder of the famous Lord Lonsdale belt. He was a pleasant visitor at The Ring office upon his arrival on the steamship Leviathan.

This is Brown's fifth trip to America. He was here last year, but engaged in no fighting.

Johnny is the fourth man to hold the belt outright. He was born in St. George's, in the East End of London, and took up boxing in a professional way in 1919. Since that time he has participated in a little more than one hundred battles. His right name is Phili Hickman. Although in appearance he reminds you of a second edition of Mickey Walker, he can easily scale 118 pounds.

Three more prominent lights are on the sick list. Jess McMahon, the Garden matchmaker, was on crutches several days nursing a badly sprained ankle. Strangely, his man Friday Warren Murray, sustained two broken ribs in a fall. Freddy Welsh, former lightweight champion, was lucky to gain the decision over the tough, old Kid Pneumonia.

James T. Johnston was renominated for the presidency of the National Sports Alliance two weeks ago, despite advance reports of opposition. The meeting was highly interesting. It was held at the Hotel Astor. The regular ticket went through. The election will be held shortly.

Warren Murray and William Newman were renominated secretary and treasurer, respectively. Both have fulfilled their duties to the satisfaction of a majority of the 1,200 odd members. Five vice presidents will be chosen from among Charles J. Harvey, Robert Levy, William Bagley, Lew Raymond, Frank Bartley, Tom McArdle, Charles Henderson, Charles Goldman and Jack Moore. Nine directors will be selected from among James Bronson, Jess McMahon, Andy Neiderreiter, Jimmy Kelly, Paddy Mullins, Joe Jacobs, Dan McKetrick, Dan Caplin, Frank Ferguson, Charles Johnston, Jack Dougherty, William McCarney, William Gibson, Pete Stone, Leo Flynn, Charlie Cook, T. Lento, and J. Woodman.

Edouard Mascart returned from his beloved France in time to receive a shellacing at the hands of Eddie Anderson, former Wyoming cowboy. The French featherweight has lost a majority of his fights in this country. He is a human punching bag.

Archie Bell, Brooklyn bantamweight, who has been performing so creditably in mid-western circles, has returned to New York City.

Archie was only in the preliminary stage of development when he left these parts and his work has improved far beyond the expectations of his most ardent admirers. His last three victims were Conny Curry, Harold Smith and Ray Rychell.

Joey Kaufman, the blonde youngster from Coney Island is on the warpath. He will be kept busy this winter.

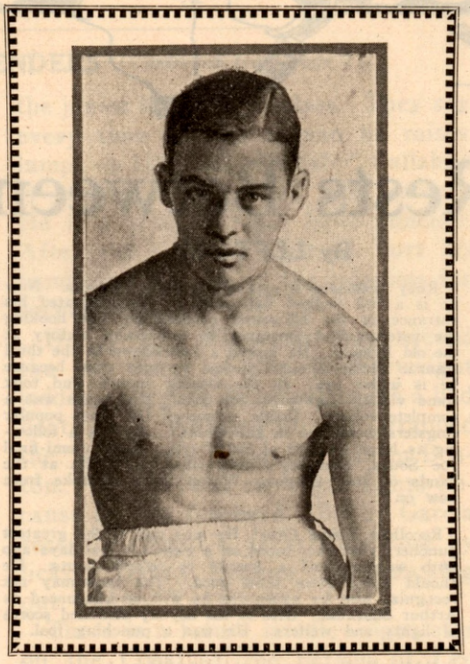
Sammy Shack returned to this city after making quite a name for himself out on the Pacific Coast. Sammy engaged in a hurricane draw with Dominick Petrone, a promising bantamweight, in his first start.

Of the many aspiring young heavies struggling for recognition these days, it is doubtful if there is a more promising one than Sandy Seifert. Although fighting professionally less than two years, the big Pittsburgh blond, in only sixteen bouts to date, has flashed to the front of his division at a remarkable pace. His most recent performance resulted in a decisive victory in Boston over Leo Gates.

Jimmy Bronson and Lou Brown, who are handling Seifert, are firm in the belief that Sandy is headed for the front rank. They realize that Sandy, although not quite ready for the Harry Wills or the Gene Tunneys, would be at least an even-money proposition against any of the other heavyweights—Jack Renault, Bud Gorman, Jim Maloney, Romero Rojas, Sully Montgomery, Eddie Huffman, et al.

Willie Devlin, of Scotland, former stablemate of Tommy Milligan, is doing wonders on the out-of-town welter circuit. On Thanksgiving night at Portland, Me., the Scot whipped Wop Malonium. Eddie Harvey is handling him.

Bermondsey Billy Wells, who deliberately ran out on Mickey Walker, at East Chicago, bobbed up in St. Paul a short time ago. He arrived in time to grab a newspaper decision over Al Vanryan in ten rounds. Wonder if Charley Harvey is still managing the Englishman? Wells was guaranteed a small fortune to oppose the welter champ. Harvey ballyhooed the thing to a nicety but the Briton gummed the works.



NEW CHAMPION
Tod Morgan, who scored a knockout over Mike Ballerino on the Coast on December 2 and won the junior lightweight championship

Abe Goldstein is not doing so well in the "sticks." The former bantam champ stopped off at Portland, Ore., on his way to the Coast to get a lathering at the hands of Young Nationalista in ten decision cantos. A staggering left hook to the jaw in the fourth took all the fight out of Goldie.

Jerry Pelton, who lifted Andy Divoli out of the amateurs, is singing the praises of another good prospect. Henry Usse is his name. On the night Eddie Huffman celebrated his debut at the Pioneer by walloping the daylights out of Jack De Mave, Usse dropped one Joe Doradi four times and the bout lasted one minute and 35 seconds of the first round. At a new talent Brooklyn series Usse whipped Pal Silvers.

Harry Neary is no longer handling the destinies of Bud Gorman. He turned over his contract to Leo P. Flynn for a staggering sum. Bill Duffy retains a comfortable share of the heavyweight. If he stands up Leo and Bill should clean up a fortune. Gorman looks all over like a wonderful prospect.

In spite of the gala opening of the new Madison Square Garden, the small clubs in the Metropolitan district continue to add figures on the right side of the ledger. Apparently Tex Rickard's shows will not cut into the success of his little rivals. The Broadway in Brooklyn has been a veritable gold mine since it was reopened, and the Pioneer, Lenox and possibly the new Manhattan, have been cleaning up. Which goes to prove that if the matchmakers put on real shows the fans will go anywhere to see them.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

COLMAN J. NEE

The boxing clubs in the smaller cities of this section are still doing a thriving business by offering the fans real cards between boys who will do their best regardless of "the house." The larger clubs around Boston are not faring so well at present but with the advent of the New Year they should get going once again.

There are an ynumber of boys hereabouts if pitted against each other would guarantee any promoter in this section a reasonable profit but getting these boxers together is something else again and most of the local matchmakers prefer to go outside of New England for their boxing talent.

A match between two local boys in the making is one between Eddie Shevlin, the New England welterweight champion, a veteran of more than fifteen years inside the hempen square and the sensational Al Mello, of Lowell, a member of the last Olympic team and one of the greatest boys to be developed hereabouts in years. The club that signs this pair, and right now it looks as if the Suffolk A. A. is sure to have the S. R. O. sign hung out early. Mello will be the favorite with many of the younger fans who figure that his youth, aggressiveness and terrific punching ability will be too much for the "old master" to cope with. Mello defeated that rough, tough, old warhorse, Jimmy Jones in his last start and now his very able manager, Bobby Goldman thinks he is ready for Shevlin.

Jimmy Maloney and Jack Sharkey are down to meet here shortly for the Christmas Relief Fund and as it is the rubber battle between them they should pack 'em in, especially so as the cause they are battling for is the most worthy of all. Maloney will start the favorite but the ex-gob is determined to make it two straight over Jim so it looks like a large evening hereabouts.

Harry Goldstein, that great little flyweight, is cutting capers in the rings throughout this section. He recently stopped Joey Williams at New Bedford in a torrid bout. This kid has speed, cleverness and a stiff punch and under Jim Toland's able handling is sure to do well. Toland is also the owner of the gym bearing his name in Boston. It is the rendezvous of most of the fistic lights in this section.

John Scully of So. Boston, one of the most satisfactory performers in the featherweight class hereabouts, returned to the ring this month and has been going on high. He boxed nine times in four weeks in different parts of New England, where he is decidedly popular. He is managed by Freddy Wiederhold, one of the ablest handlers in these parts.

Frank Moody of Wales, and that dusky warrior, Tiger Flowers, meet here this month, under the auspices of the Commercial Club of Boston, and as both are great cards here, they should attract the fans in good numbers.

Pat Logan of So. Boston, essayed the role of matchmaker for the Lake A. C. of Worcester the past month and staged a few very snappy shows. When the club changed hands recently, Pat stepped out. Logan will be remembered by oldtimers as one of the world's foremost bicycle riders of his day and whether it was on the old Charles River track or in the six day race in Madison Square, Patsy was always found with the best of them. He is one of the best boosters of boxing in this section.

Sammy Fuller, Johnny Vacca, Johnny Sheppard and Tommy Nee are some of the local bantamweights who are pining for action hereabouts and if any pair of this quartette get together the fur is sure to fly to the delight of the fans fortunate enough to witness the bout.

The writer of this wishes the readers of The Ring a Merry Xmas.

HEARD IN CUBA

By MILTON BARON

Estanislau Loyaza met with crashing defeat here recently, his conqueror being the veteran ex-lightweight champion of Cuba, "Lalo Dominguez." The crowd which numbered around 10,000, filled the Arena Colon, to see the great Loyaza from Chile, who figured so prominently in the recent lightweight tournament held in New York. The fans were greatly disappointed however, as Loyaza proved an easy mark for the crafty Cuban boxer.

All through the bout, Dominguez used an effective left jab which annoyed Loyaza very much. The Chilean boxer seemed unable to get into the Cuban's guard, and was puzzled all throughout the bout. Dominguez had Loyaza on the verge of a knockout twice, although he scored three knockdowns.

To everybody's delight Charlie Pitts has again returned to Havana. Pitts fought here twice last year, defeating Aramis del Pino, Cuban musketeer, and also knocking out Carlos Casala, the Uruguyan bearcat, a feat which nobody else could accomplish here. Casala lasted 4 rounds. Pitts landed a hard hook to his midsection and Casala took the count.

Jim Moran, welterweight champion of Spain, won a decision over Charley Pitts on Nov. 16. Pitts was outweighed ten pounds.

There is a probability of Cuba presenting the boxing world with the next middleweight champion in Kid Charol. Charol is an exceptionally clever boxer, fast as a cat, quick eye, and can hit like dynamite. He is at present on a South American tour, where he knocked out Alex Rely the light heavyweight champion in short order. Charol would no doubt make a worthy opponent for Tiger Flowers, and there is a possibility that he would take the Tiger's measure and work himself into the big time boxing programs in New York, if given the chance.

TORONTO NOTES

By JACK JARVIS

It was expected by most critics and fans that Playfair Brown would emerge with a nice margin of profit when he signed Jimmy Goodrich and Clonie Tait over ten rounds, the feature of four ten rounders at the Coliseum. Imagine the surprise when less than $6,000 from 3,800 fans was the meagre total of the night's receipts.

Getting back to the fight, Goodrich was extremely lucky in getting the award from Referee Marsh, and the announcement that Goodrich had won, brought a storm of protests from the assemblage. In the writer's opinion, Tait had a shade and a draw would have suited everybody.

Tait scored repeatedly with left hand clouts to the head and body, and notably in the third round the champion was in distress when Clonie soaked him on the chin with a hard right. Goodrich, formerly a great favorite in this city, made a very poor impression as a lightweight champ.

By far the best bout on the Goodrich-Tait card was the Smith-Johnstone fight, although the Burlie-Collett slam was good to watch. Johnstone won the decision handily from the Midget. He outboxed the Gothamite, with left handed leads that carried plenty of steam. Jack fought the best fight of his career and looked to have a chance with any of the top-notchers on his showing.

Bobby Eber smothered Freddy Thompson of Buffalo, and romped home an easy winner. Freddy was on the verge of slumberland on several occasions, but his generalship and experience saw him through to the end.

Willie Morrisey, popular local sportsman, formerly manager of Alec Burley and Elmer Watt, has entered the promoting field. Willie will make an auspicious start with a championship bout between Bobby Eber and Vic Foley. This fight should draw a record house.

Alec Burlie turned in a smart performance when he easily trounced Joe Colletti, awkward, rough and tough New York flyweight. Alec showed a big improvement in punching powers. That will go a long way in making him a strong favorite with the local fans.

Frankie Bull, Canadian lightweight champion, will have had his ten-round joust with Russie LeRoy in the latter's home town, Fargo, by the time these lines are read. A victory over LeRoy should get him plenty of work around the Northwest border, for the Fargo youth is a big favorite in that territory. Frankie will very likely box Don Boyer, the feature of Joe Bailey's card in Toledo after this bout with LeRoy.

George McDonald has taken over the management of Alec Burlie and Elmer Watt. "Mac" should get plenty of coin with these two popular socksters, who were formerly under the management of Willie Morrisey, now a promoter.

Tommy Mitchell, popular and well liked junior lightweight, who has been piling up a long list of victories in and around Syracuse, is back in town and eager to try conclusions with the best of them.

Chris Newton is booked to trade socks with Lew Bolduc, the Commercial Club's next feature in St. John. Newton, a big favorite in the Maritimes, will likely get some lucrative bouts.

Darky Daniels, well-known fistic impresario, has drifted into a high-class job. He is now editor of the "Racing Form" in Toronto. Darkey will be remembered as being responsible for bringing Curley Wilshur, Soldier Jones and other well-known Canadian fighters to the front. The astute Daniels still finds time to write a column, "With the Leatherpushers," between races and his pithy pars. are always read with interest.

George Fifield gave away several rounds and a fair-sized licking to Tiger Smith in the final show of the Queensbury Club. Fifield would be a mighty hard boy to beat if he would only develop a punch. He has victories over some of the best fighters in the game, but still lacks the "wallop that wins."

MONTREAL NOTES

By MAXIE LEWIS

Leo "Kid" Roy, Canadian featherweight champion, still rates as the best drawing card in this part of the country. It wouldn't be amiss to include all of Canada. In his last three Forum bouts, Roy drew approximately forty thousand dollars.

Roy and Bobby Garcia drew $14,000. Roy and Edouard Mascart drew twelve and Roy with Danny Kramer about $14,000.

In the Kramer bout, Danny was called upon to substitute for Louis Kid Kaplan on two days' notice. If the original Roy-Kaplan bout would have been held the gate would have exceeded $25,000.

"Gene" Brosseau, former middleweight champion of Canada, has just left the Victoria Hospital, where he was under expert medical attention. The learned ones proclaimed "Gene" to be sound and it would not be surprising to see him in action within the next few weeks. Incidentally, the Brosseau stable of fighters are consistent winners. Ted Cossette, Bert Brown, Gerald Beaudin and George Chabot, are sweeping all before them.

Jack "Scoodles" Reinfeld, the Philadelphia trainer of fighters was in town recently, accompanied by Benny Bass, hard-hitting Quaker featherweight. According to "Scoodles" Benny is the real champ. All it takes to make that claim official is for Kaplan to be lured into the same ring with Bass. If past performances are any criterion, Scoodles boast isn't an idle one, for Benny has knocked out Lew Mayrs and defeated Jose Lombardo among others. Bass would like to box Leo Kid Roy.

Sylvio Mireault, the Maisoneuve featherweight, is hot on the trail of Kid Roy. Sylvio has won his last four bouts by knockouts and is clamoring for a chance at Leo's crown. In the writer's opinion, Mireault will not be entitled to a title shot until he has shown his mettle with better class fighters. Sylvio meets Jimmy Mars of Long Island on Dec. 7, on the same card with Corporal Izzy Schwartz and Midget Lavigne. If Mireault gets over Mars in fine style, then the Roy cohorts will have to consider him as a logical opponent.

Lou Kid Lewis is back in town after winning a couple of good bouts at Erie, Pa. In his last shot, Lou easily won from Bobby Dean in ten rounds. A match between Cuddy De Marco and the "Kid" is hanging fire in that city.

There is considerable need here for better work on the part of the boxing commission. There is too much laxity that is hurting the game. The local board should do more to protect the game by appointing proper officials for ring bouts.

Publisher of the Ring to Study Boxing Abroad

BY the time this issue goes to press, the publisher of The Ring will be on the high seas on his way to Europe, with the object of purchasing old time boxing books, boxing prints, and photographs, and obtaining first-hand information on the boxing situation in France, England and Spain. The publisher has embarked on an eight weeks' journey.

With the boxing at low ebb in England the publisher of The Ring has accepted an invitation to deliver a lecture in London on "The Benefits Derived from the Legalization of Boxing in New York and Other States of Our Union." British sportsmen are attempting to legalize all sport through commission rule but to date have met keen opposition.

Upon his return, the publisher will write several articles on the situation abroad. Watch for these articles and other new features beginning with the February issue.

NATHANIEL S. FLEISCHER.

IN EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By J. AUSTEN SHAY

Steve Nitchie, flashy featherweight of Lancaster, turned in a big victory last month when he gave the rugged Jimmy Burns of Atlantic City, a lacing in a eight round fight at Harrisburg. Steve was too clever for the hard hitting Burns, and had him missing and fanning the air throughout the fight.

Johnny Hayes, of Philadelphia, won by a knockout over Pete Husic of Harrisburg, when his seconds threw in the towel in the third round to save Pete from further punishment. Pete is only a shadow of the Husic of a year ago.

Jeff Stevenson, of Harrisburg, won the refere's decision over "Young" Jamaica Kid, of Atlantic City, after eight rounds of fast milling.

Frankie Husic, of Harrisburg, a brother to Pete, made his debut in the game of swat by defeating Al Murray of Philadelphia in six fast rounds, on the same card.

Ray Gibbons, lightweight of Reading, was fined fifty dollars for fouling Georgie Siddons of Philadelphia, in their fight at Reading last month, by the Penna. State Athletic Commission.

Ralph Repman, of York, gave K. O. Leonard of Philadelphia, a neat lacing in a ten round wind-up at Harrisburg. Repman carried every round by a good margin, and nearly floored Leonard in the first round when he landed a hard right hook to the jaw.

In the semi-final of eight rounds Steve Nitchie of Lancaster, won the judges' decision over Johnny Shern of Philadelphia.

Frankie Husic of Harrisburg and Dick Curtin of Lebanon fought to a draw in the six round opener.

Battling Willard of Lancaster is matched to meet the rugged Mickey Dolan of Jersey City in a eight round wind-up at Lebanon this month.

Jack Hanlon, Lancaster middleweight, is on the side lines, due to an injured eye. Hanlon had to call off his match with Jeff Stevenson, because of the bad eye.

Jimmy McAllister, k. o. artist of Reading, added another victim to his long list when he rocked Willie Doyle of Philadelphia, to sleep in the first round of a scheduled eight round fight at Reading last month.

Ralph Repman of York, dropped the judges' decision to Chick Kansas of Philadelphia in an eight round go at Philadelphia on Turkey Day.

INDIANA

By SAM MARKUS

Washington A. C., Steve Harter, matchmaker, staged an all-star show featuring local talent in four ten round bouts. The results were as follows: Merle Alte, Indianapolis, knocked out Copper Pence, Cincinnati, in fourth round of a scheduled ten round bout. Happy Atherton and Jimmy McDermott boxed ten fast rounds to a draw. Kewpie Trimble shaded Joe Lochart in ten rounds and Louis LaVelle beat Patsy Kline in ten rounds. A capacity crowd witnessed the show.

Chuck Wiggins, Indiana's contender for the light heavyweight championship, has a busy campaign mapped out for him in the near future. His most recent achievements being: stopping John Risko, Cleveland heavyweight, in five rounds and winning a shade over "Tiger" Flowers, negro light heavyweight, at East Chicago, Ind.

Wiggins was signed to meet Young Stribling at New Orleans before Frankie Edwards' club but Stribling, claiming a bad hand, cancelled this match and signed to meet Billy Britton instead, before the same club.

Several Indianapolis clubs are after a third meeting between Wiggins and John Risko, Cleveland heavyweight, who recently lost a twelve round decision to Gene Tunney, following the first match where Wiggins stopped Risko and the second encounter resulted in one of the fastest and most exciting ten round bouts ever witnessed here. Most of the newspapers called it a draw.

Merle Alte, Indianapolis featherweight star, has been making a rapid stride towards the top of his division and will probably be seen in a wind-up engagement here in the near future against one of the leading featherweight contenders.

Kewpie Trimble, East Chicago lightweight, has become one of the popular favorites in Indianapolis due to his willingness to "mix it" at all times and has never failed to put up a pleasing battle for the fans.

The local boxing commission that has controlled boxing in Indianapolis for the past four years, is about to relinquish its control over this popular sport. Although the attitude of the new City Council is not known, it is thought that it will also be favorable towards this branch of sport and that a new commission will be in charge for the next four years. The local commission here has been governed by rules taken from several of the larger state commissions and boxing has boomed here as never before.

The Arcade Gymnasium has become a popular training quarters for all visiting boxers here. It is managed by Mike Mitchell and Billy Shine, local promoters and is one of the finest equipped gymnasiums in the state. Mike and Billy plan on holding amateur boxing shows every week after the first of January and in this way develop some future "greats" for Fistiania.

MINNESOTA BOXING NEWS

By MURRAY McLEAN

Jack and Eddie Reddy, matchmakers for the Twin Cities Athletic Association, at St. Paul and Minneapolis, are putting on some good shows and drawing good houses this season. They are using the best talent in the game for the main events and using local boys for prelims and are running as often as possible without overdoing it. They are also running four amateur shows per week and are fast developing boys for the bigger shows.

Nick Olivia, St. Paul's Italian bantamweight, will leave shortly for a tour of the largest fight centers of the middlewest, visiting Milwaukee, Chicago, Peoria, Indianapolis, Cleveland and Detroit. Olivia is a high class bantam and will fight and his trip should be a profitable one.

At the last Minneapolis show Pinkey Mitchell of Milwaukee and Billy Wells of England fought a ten round draw. Wells did not seem to be up to the form he displayed in his former bouts here and Pink did not seem to try very hard. The show was a very good one although the main event lagged in spots. In the semi-windup Roscoe Hall of Des Moines,

knocked out Rusty Jones of St. Paul in the second round. Hall caught Jones with a wild right hander on the chin which put Jones in a corner supported by the corner ropes so that Jones could not sink to the floor and Hall battered him into insensibility by the time the referee stopped the slaughter. Jackie Conway, Mike Connolly's Minneapolis welterweight, came from behind and won over Clyde Hull of Faith, S. D., in a six rounder. Ernie Fliegel, a promising bantam of Minneapolis beat Artie Sheire, an old timer; Jack McCann beat Paul La Haye and Jackie Cameron beat Eddie Lewis.

A chapter of the American Boxing League has been organized in the twin cities. Mike Collins was elected president, Johnny Salvatore, vice president; Jacques Brouwers, treasurer and Danny Schulte, secretary.

Al Van Ryan got his chance at a main event at the last St. Paul show, meeting Billy Wells of England and Wells won as he pleased. Van put up a game fight and did not disgrace himself but he was beaten from the start, Wells showering him with body punches throughout and Van landed effective punches only at times.

In the semi Rusty Jones again tried his luck with Roscoe Hall of Des Moines. In the second and third rounds Hall scored four knockdowns and seemed to have Jones at his mercy from then on but Jones faced Hall for the entire eight rounds being out on his feet most of the time. Sammy Leonard shaded Billy Sahuers, Teddy Blatt beat Eddie Nemo, and Jack McCann beat Bad Billy Buckem in the other bouts.

Al Van Ryan is to meet Jimmy Gill at the next show at La Crosse, Wis. La Crosse with Bunny Pierce and Eau Claire with Dave Quinn as matchmakers are putting up good shows every month and drawing fair crowds.

Jack Hurley, promoter at Fargo, N. D., is putting on some fine shows featuring Billy Petrolle and Russie Le Roy, local boys. Petrolle recently beat Red Cap Wilson and Le Roy knocked out Frankie Bull of Canada.

My Sullivan, Johnny Samvatore's featherweight, who recently left the amateur ranks to fight for money instead of glory, is getting away to a good start. Sully is a fine boxer and a fine future is predicted for him.

Red Wilson is another amateur who is attracting attention. Red is a lightweight and has won his last few fights by the kayo route. With the right handling Wilson should make a real name for himself.

Harry Campion of Minneapolis, has a young lightweight in King Tut who is a sensation. Tut, whose right name is Harry Tuttle is a battler from the first gong and has just deserted the amateurs for the professional ring. Although not showing much as a boxer he usually finishes his opponents before they have a chance to work on him and he has more work than he can take care of.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

By J. D. BECK

The Majestic Club of McKeesport and Motor Square Garden at Pittsburgh are about the only two clubs in this district that run regular weekly shows. There are other clubs in the district which only run occasionally. Beaver Falls, Ellwood City and other nearby towns announce a show about once monthly.

The Majestic Club at McKeesport offered a corking card October 29, featuring Freddy Boylestein, the Kittaning Mauler and Johnny Mellow from Detroit. The showing of Mellow against Boylestein was a distinct surprise. Mellow gained the verdict of both judges.

The three preliminaries that preceded the main go were all fast and hard fought.

Willie Davies of Charleroi, secured another scalp in the Arena Ring at Philadelphia, when he received the 10 round decision over Marty Gold. This marked Davies, second triumph. He also beat Black Bill from Panama.

Kewie Seitz, McKeesport's "lean" fight manager, is keeping his charges busy. Teddy Welch, his lightweight, journeyed to Johnstown and lost a close fight to Jimmy Chara, Johnstown Flash.

Jack Zivic and Paul Doyle fought it out once more at Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh, on Nov. 10. This was their third encounter, Zivic gained a close decision in the first. Then Doyle turned the tables right in Zivic's home town, and copped the decision by the proverbal mile. Zivic, not satisfied with a "50-50" break, asked Matchmaker McGarvey to give him one more show with Doyle and prove once for all that he is Doyle's master. Well, Zivic won their third setto but after a gruelling 10 round bout.

Hughey Haggerty, Pittsburgh, and Mike Morley of Hartford, Conn., fought the 8 round semi-final. The latter won this bout in neat fashion.

John Katkish, stablemate of Zivic, green but strong, defeated Mickey Donora, in the 6 round second bout. This bout marked Katkish's second pro. go.

Duquesne has a newcomer in Chick Bell, a classy 135 pound boy. Bell is a tall and rough scrapper, possesses a good left, and right equally as good.

Frankie Porto, McKeesport bantam and Midget Mike O'Dowd, from Columbus, Ohio, headed a good bill of 32 rounds of boxing on Nov. 10 at the Majestic Club in McKeesport. O'Dowd was too much for the McKeesporter.

The other half of the double windup brought together two tough lads, one Frankie Meenahan from Farrell, Pa., and Teddy Welch, McKeesport lightweight star. Teddy has won his last 6 bouts with ease and made it 7 in a row at the expense of Meenahan. Phil Scello and Roy Johnson, junior welters, from McKeesport finished the thrills in one of the 6 round prelims with Johnson on the receiving end.

OWING to lack of space and the fact that this issue went to press one week earlier than usual, boxing gossip from several sections of the country had to be eliminated. The usual news will be carried in the February issue and every issue thereafter.

Plans to conduct boxing shows at the Duquesne Garden, Pittsburgh, have been delayed and the management will not be able to go ahead with bouts for some time.

Bad News Taylor, Donora's bantam sensation, who now is under new management, is set for quite a busy season. His manager is lining up bouts that will keep Taylor busy throughout the winter months. "Bad News" has made quite a reputation throughout the state of Ohio, where he has fought most of his sensational battles. He holds decisions over such boys as Harry Forbes, Al Dundee, Mike Dundee, Lou Bloom, Johnny McCoy, Mutt Snyder, Joe Rayfield, Eddie Bowen, Eddie Grant, and has fought the sensational Midget Mike O'Dowd, knocking him out in one round. Quite a feat, which no one but Taylor has yet been able to do. He will shortly meet O'Dowd again and try to duplicate his feat.

Eddie Brady, Brooklyn featherweight, has joined the stable of Jimmy Dime of New Castle. Brady will probably be matched with a leading feather and box at the Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh, shortly.

Thirty-six rounds of boxing featured Johnny McGarvey's card at Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh, on Monday, Nov. 23. The feature bout of the evening was between Dick Conlon, Altoona's "Blond" and Jack Burry, Pittsburgh's clever entrant among the junior welters. Barry and Conlon fought a hard 10 round bout with the verdict going to Conlon.

The second 10 rounder featured Willie Davies, State flyweight champ, and Hughey Manson, Homestead Flash. Davies copped the verdict after 10 gruelling rounds. The other 10 rounder brought out the highly touted Billy Pimpus, Atlantic City featherweight, and Jack McFarland, Wilkinsburg crack. McFarland polished off Pimpus in round three. In the opener Nick Perlick, McKeesport heavy, knocked out Peter Anklos in one round.

MEXICO NOTES

By DON CEE

Since Jack Dempsey left the Republic, the big noise in the boxing sport, has been Tommy White of Texas. White met Loui Garcia of California on the Dempsey card in Mexico City, then trailing along with the Dempsey party to Monterey, White beat Flor Navarro at Monterey. A week later "Texas Tommy" won from Whitey Black of Indianapolis, Indiana, in 12 rounds. The following Saturday White again won by taking the honors from Arulfo Zavala, the Tampico middleweight, in Tampico. In all the above contests, White gave away from five to 20 pounds in weight. White is a junior welter when he fights at catchweights, but can make 135 at three.

Chuck Burns, the slashing young "Iron Man" of San Antonio, Texas, has won every one of his seven battles in Mexico during the past four months. Burns is one fighter who will fight.

Two communications have been received in Tampico within the past month from so-called good light heavyweights from the north part of the States, advising the promoter, M. Rodriguez Ayon, that they will go to Tampico for contests, but they don't want to fight Chuck Burns. Evidently Burns is noted in the States for one who will have no mercy on his opponents and this is the sort of fighter the patrons of Mexico insist on seeing. Burns and Tommy White are the type of fighter from the States who will always draw big and make many pesos for their bouts.

Jack Spence of San Antonio, Texas, and Joe Dean of Dallas, Texas, are two good heavyweights scheduled at this writing to appear in a twelve round attraction at the Arena Isabel in Tampico. Dean is a southpaw and is reputed to have knocked his last three opponents out for half hour stretches in the States.

Many boxer representatives of France and Europe, are making their appearance in Mexico at this time.

Jack Dempsey, the world's heavyweight boxing champion, received more attention while in the Republic than any champion bull fighter ever received. Dempsey had to be surrounded at all public appearances by gendarmes in order to keep from being trampled on. Several automobiles were wrecked.

Arnulfo Zaval, the Tampico middleweight, who was out of the game for a time, is making a strong comeback and has been matched in several cities for future contests.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

Tommy Ryan, the Buffalo bantam star, is going great guns. Ryan won three victories in less than two weeks when he obtained the judges' decision over Midget Mike Moran in Buffalo; beat Young Ross of Syracuse, N. Y., at Louisville and was awarded the referee's decision over Eddie O'Dowd of Columbus at Cleveland on Dec. 2.

Ryan is boxing in splendid form and Charlie Murray, matchmaker of the Jueensberry A. C. of this city, is trying to line up a real topnotcher to box Tommy here soon. Frankie Genaro, Carl Tremaine or Cannonball Eddie Martin are the fighters who are benig considered as opponents.

The fans here are all agog over the Jimmy Goodrich-Rocky Kansas match, 15 rounds for the New York Athletic Commission's lightweight championship. This bout will have taken place before these lines appear in print but at this writing the betting is close with Kansas a slght favorite. This writer goes on record as picking Good rich to win over the 15 round route. If the match were a ten rounder I would say that Rocky has a better chance. Kansas has been a great lightweight but he has not the stamina of old. If he goes the full distance and wins he will be a real marvel of the ring and may get a new lease of life. Jimmy Goodrich generally fights better after the tenth round than he does before it. A great house is a certainty as the seats have been in real demand.

Art Wander, Buffalo's champion featherweight, is in line for a battle with Edouard Mascart, European champion, at Cleveland. Wander recently went over big in the Fifth City when he soundly trounced Jimmy Trannett. Wander is good fighting material; a real puncher and gamester and will be heard from this season.

Frankie Schoell has not been boxing much of late due to the fact that most of the welters and many of the middleweights are none to anxious to mix with Buffalo's best 150 pounder. Schoell has won many good fights and is trying hard to get a championship go with Mickey Walker. Bert Finch, manager of Schoell, expects to post a forfeit of $2,500 with the New York state commission soon, demanding a title match.

Ray Romney, Niagara Falls lightweight; Johnny Sacco, lightweight; Harry Cook, negro lightweight; Teddy Dean, welterweight; Willie Lavin, welterweight and Freddie Mueller, lightweight, are all showing good form this season. These boys represent a new crop of young fighters that are bound to do something before Spring.

Art Weygant, Buffalo southpaw light-heavyweight, knocked out Charlie Baum of Baltimore in nine rounds at Tampa, Fla., on Nov. 18. Weygant, last Summer, startled the fans by winning a decision over Battling Siki and boxing draws with Jock Malone and Mike McTigue. The young portsider is only 20 years old and a formidable candidate for world's honors. He expects to box Jimmy Slattery here this Winter.

Tiger Flowers, Atlanta middleweight, scored decisively over Benny Ross, Buffalo lad, in their six round tussle at the Queensberry A. C. on Dec. 1. Flowers was far too experienced and fast for Ross, who stood up gamely under the savage attack of the Southern deacon. Ross landed one terrific body punch that hurt the colored star but was unable to follow up his advantage. Flowers then took the remaining rounds.

Joe Lewis, the Cleveland impressario, has just about the best looking featherweight this writer has seen in some time. The lad I refer to is Benny Gershe, southpaw, and a fast, terrific hitter. I saw him knock out Rosey Stoy, the tough Lancaster, Pa., featherweight in two rounds at Cleveland on Dec. 1 and Gershe did this feat as artistically as Benny Leonard could have done when Benny was at his best. Gershe will get the proper handling from Lewis who knows the boxing game from A to Z. If he doesn't come close to stepping into Johnny Kilnane's old shoes as world's champion featherweight I'll miss my guess.

Other bouts at the Buffalo Queensberry A. C. show Dec. 1 resulted as follows: Frankie Garcia, Utica, defeated Bobby Hamilton, flyweight, six rounds; Lou Scazza and Mike Carroll, middleweights, boxed a draw; Dave Schwartz and Clary Rebaman, featherweights, boxed a draw.

FISTIC NEWS FROM GEORGIA

By COLEMAN McGRILL

There is a possibility of the game reopening in Atlanta, according to rumors. Billy Lotz who handles the fistic affairs of Larry Avera, junior welterweight champion of the south and Billy Duggan, gigantic heavyweight, is contemplating staging a few shows here in the near future.

Jake Abel, one of the most popular boxers in the south a few years back, who is now conducting a hotel business in Atlanta, will most likely be chosen as the referee of the new club. Abel has been staying away from the fight game in the past, devoting his entire time to the popular hostlery, the Wilmot Hotel.

Young Stribbling was awarded the decision over George Cook, the Australian heavyweight in their recent meeting in Columbus, Ga. Stribbling was compelled to extend himself to win, as the Australian was no set-up for the Georgia youngster.

According to Max Abelson, manager of Lew Silver, local hard socking junior lightweight, Silver is to engage in one more contest and then announce his retirement from the roped arena. Silver who graduates this year from his dental studies intends to hang up the gloves for his profession.

Inability to get into proper fighting trim due to ailments that the little fellow has with his eyes had lots to do with the decision to give up the fight game.

Tampa promoters are anxious to stage a fight between Midget Mike O'Dowd and Pinkie May, the southern champion. Ed Alexander informed the writer recently that May is open to fight any bantam in the world. Ed is a great booster for the youngster.

Hugh Martin of Columbus, Ga., manager of Boots Antley and other southern battlers, is now assisting Ed Douglas in Miami, Fla. in staging shows. In addition to his job with Douglas, Martin is still taking care of his fighters.

Young Stribbling sprang somewhat of a surprise among the leather pushers when he scored an easy victory over Billy Britton, Columbus, Ohio, light-heavy by a k. o. in the first round.

Tommy Jones, formerly of Macon, Ga., but of late attached to the Walk Miller stable in New York, has been making quite a headway since he has left these parts. Word came here from Miller that he intends sending the little featherweight to Florida to show the ambitious 126 pounders how to fight.

Word received here by the writer is to the effect that Joe McGee, of Savannah, former welterweight boxer is to replace the present match-maker Mr. Bel, who has been acting in that capacity for the American Legion.

Augusta, Ga. is a new place where boxing has been going regularly of late. Mr. Augustus Dorr is promoting two shows a month and is drawing very encouraging crowds.

MILWAUKEE NEWS

By FRED SADDY

In a rough, tough battle, Pinky Mitchell, of Milwaukee, defeated Billy Wells in a ten-round battle at Minneapolis on Nov. 6. Mitchell scored the only knockdown in the eighth round dropping the Englishman for the count of five.

Mitchell's proposed trip to the coast has been postponed, owing to an injury to Mushy Callahan, which the latter sustained in his bout with Ace Hudkins.

Buddy McDonald of St. Paul, lost to Johnny Mendelsohn here on Nov. 9. In the semi-final Joe Azzarella shaded Joe Jawson. Mike Cianciola, local amateur, making his professional debut, held Tony Bittner to a draw in the opener. In the second preliminary Joe Clein stopped Paul Allen in the eighth round.

Joey Sangor, local featherweight, cancelled his return bout with Ray Miller and left for the coast.

Larry Sobjeck, local light-heavyweight, stopped Wallie Dempsey of St. Paul, Minn., in the fourth round of a scheduled ten round bout at Mondovi, Wis. Thanksgiving Day. Sobjeck is the most popular and pleasing light-heavyweight in this part of the country. He is a willing battler, always ready to take a punch in order to land one. He has been boxing three years and has a credible record.

Walter Grayjack, local featherweight, may go east to do his battling soon. Boxers here stay clear of him and double their price when offered a match with Wallie. He has beaten some of the best featherweights in the middle-west, including Joey Sangor, Ray Miller, Connie Currie, Stewart McLean, Henry Leonard and others.

Richie Mitchell, the most popular fighter this city ever turned out, is managing a pair of promising boys in Charlie Adamson, a lightweight and Irving Brendt a junior lightweight. They are two of the best amateurs developed here in years and will make their professional start under Richie in December. It certainly is a wonderful advantage to them as Mitchell knows the game from A to Z.

Joe Sielaff, who gave promise of becoming a great lightweight a year ago, until he ran into a little tough luck, is again in good shape and ready to do battle with any 138 pounder. Joe will stick to his knitting from now on, and when in shape will give the best of them a battle.

Harry Kahn, Wisconsin's best in the lightweight division won the referee's decision over Johnny Mellow in a great ten round battle at Detroit. It was Kahn's initial appearance in the auto city and his fighting abilities were an amazement to the big crowd that attended and he is destined to become a big favorite in Detroit.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

Sailor Freedman, who is making Philadelphia his home, has gone 22 rounds with Mickey Walker in two recent bouts and apparently is in the best condition in years. Manager Max (Boo Boo) Hoff has received many offers for Freedman, including one or two from the Pacific Coast.

Mike Dundee, one of the latest additions to Philadelphia's boxing ranks, has been in strict training at Adam Ryan's gymnasium for the last few weeks and will be seen in action at eastern clubs throughout the winter.

Dick Conlon, the Altoona lightweight, under the management of Vic Conlon, has been meeting with success during the indoor season. He recently knocked out Charley Thompson of Buffalo in the seventh round. Andy Tomosky, a newcomer discovered by Conlon, went a thrilling ten-round draw with "Tiger" Joe Herman of Toronto.

One of the University of Pennsylvania varsity boxers of last year—Sam Kaplan—has turned professional. He recently made his bow at the Arena and went over big.

Harry (Kid) Decker is stepping along at a fast clip in his training and Andy Smart has a number of bouts in view for his protege. He has been lined up for a windup at the Cambria Club.

It took Sammy Hahn a long time to get Dave Adelman lined up for a semi-windup bout at the Arena with Willie Davies and then the windup principals were pulled out. Hahn tried to have Promoter Jules Aaronson boost the price as Adelman-Davies were moved up to the windup. Sammy even threatened to pull Adelman out. The hustling young manager at least got a lot of extra publicity for the show.

Young Jack Dempsey, who has been hankering to get on in Phillie rings, made a good showing on Thanksgiving Day against Willie Harmon, the latter gaining a ten-round decision at the Adelphia.

Benny Schwartz, former Baltimore featherweight, has taken up his headquarters in Philadelphia and is making good in all his bouts.

Upon his recent return from Hot Springs, Ark., Danny Kramer, Max Hoff's hard hitting featherweight, jumped into a windup at the Arena against Johnny Sheppard of Boston and gained the ten-round decision. Kramer was in better physical condition than usual and appeared very fast.

Promoter Jimmy Toppi is doing nicely with his new Broadway A. C. in South Philadelphia. The club puts on a battle royal every week in connection with the regular bouts and the crowd gets a lot of fun out of the novelty. "Diamond Lew" Bailey was the man who first introduced this stunt to Philadelphians.

Babe Ruth, South Philadelphia featherweight, who was going like a house afire until he ran into Dick Finnegan's left and took a K. O. count, is anxious to get a crack at the topnotchers again and has issued a defy to Finnegan, Danny Kramer, Benny Bass, Bobby Garcia and Johnny Sheppard.

Buck Fleming, the 17th Ward battler, is keeping in the limelight by winning his bouts but is yearning for more worlds to conquer.

Bobby Russell, who is looked after by Billy McDougall, has been matched to meet Davie Frey in Harrisburg, Dec. 21. Russell is a product of South Philadelphia and is a promising lad.

With the intention of getting back in the ring during the winter season, Lew Tendler, the southpaw lightweight ace, managed by Phil Glassman, is working daily in the gymnasium. Tendler is not through by any means and may be seen in action before log.

MISSISSIPPI GOSSIP

By HAROLD BUCKLEY

"Irish" Jackie Doyle, New Orleans flyweight, has opened his old training quarters in Biloxi and at present is preparing himself for two matches that have been arranged by his managers, Eddie Mead and Johnny Cox. One is with Ernie Jarvis, and the other with Amos "Kid" Carlin. Jarvis is the English flyweight that has been successful in all of his bouts on this side of the pond.

Many eastern critics pick Doyle to defeat Jarvis. They should know as they have seen Doyle in action some fifteen times. The critics also claim that Doyle is the greatest club fighter that ever came from the south, and quite a few good club fighters from the south have invaded the east. Among them are such well-known fighters as Pete Herman, Joe Mandot and Tiger Flowers.

Earl Bascle will swing back into action this month. Bascle has been on the side-lines the past month due to a bad left hand. The mitt has healed and Earl is rearing to go.

Young Leonard, new lightweight sensation on the fistic horizon, was billed to appear here last month in a ten-round bout, but his match with Joe Dundee, in Philadelphia, caused a postponment until the latter part of this month. Leonard hails from New Orleans.

The fans were disappointed, as they were anxious to see Leonard, who has beaten such battlers as Basil Galiano, Frankie Tucker, Billy McCann, Bobby Barret, Joe Matranga, Jimmy Cox, knocking out the last named. Leonard stopped Barrett in exactly 37 seconds.

A Louis Hill—Big Boy Peterson match would be a real bang-up affair and would incidentally draw the largest gate of the year. Hill knocked out Peterson in their last meeting, but Big Boy is confident that he can reverse that decision.

Al. Fremin, Biloxi promoter, has been trying to land the Hill-Peterson match for some time this month. He is also looking for an opponent for that sensational flyweight from New Orleans, Earl Bascle.

Ray Schaeffer seems to have lost his form, judging from his last two fights. Ray probably has not recovered from his recent spell of sickness. Schaeffer is a tough fellow to beat when right.

Delos Kid Williams made a big hit in his initial start when he trounced Pockie Lockie. Since then he has met Kid Carlin, Jackie Doyle and other well-know fighters.

Billy Burton, latest addition to the local crop of battlers does not seem to be able to get off to a winning start. In his last two fights he started good but tired in the latter part of the fight, which cost him the decision in both bouts. Billy has a pleasing style of milling though.

The Malini brothers, Grover and Buster, have been improving right along and the end of this year will find them making New Orleans their headquarters. They are the best prospects developed on the Gulf Coast this year.

Louis Crotty, manager of Bobby Higgins, has taken over the management of Moses, the big heavyweight, who gave Big Boy Peterson a tough fight in his first fight. Moses, under Crotty's handling, will probably take the measure of Peterson when they clash again.

Tut Seymour and Adam Gomez are hard at training once again. These two are the hardest pair in the world to beat when in shape. Gomez is willing to bet his end of the purse that he can defeat Milton Mauguno in a return match. Many fans string along with Adam in that assertion.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

By ROCKY CONTI

Osk Till, Rochester's middleweight champion and Gene Tunney's chief sparring partner surprised the local boxing fans on November 2 when he easily defeated Alec Gibbons of Buffalo, the colored middleweight who recently boxed a draw with Bob Lawson. On Nov. 27 he hopped to Erie, Pa. and gave Johnny Klesch of Cleveland, Ohio a boxing lesson.

Phil Verdi, local featherweight champion surprised the local fans when he took a bout on a two days' notice with Chuck Suggs, featherweight champion of ew England and brought home the bacon. Verdi made the biggest hit that any boxer ever did in New Bedford, Mass., when he defeated Suggs.

Ray Wolfert, Rochester's latest heavyweight sensation is going like a house afire. On Nov. 2 he stopped Jeff Brown in two rounds and on Nov. 23 he stopped Christie Arnold in one. Wolfert looks good to local fans.

Paul (Red) Brenola, former lightweight champion of the U. S. Navy made his debut before the local club by stopping the veteran war horse, Billy Burke in two rounds and on Nov. 23 knocked out Johnny Tascione in two rounds. What local fans would like to see now is Brenola and Battling Barry in a mix up and the fur is sure to fly as both boys are willing mixers and bar none.

Joe Trippe, latest lightweight sensation is another boy who is going like a house afire. Trippe is boxing every week and is always in the pink of condition and on his last two bouts he defeated Battling Barry and Freddy Mueller of Buffalo.

Chubby Brown and Mike Dempsey local welterweights fought a slashing ten round draw on November 2nd with the decision being booed for 15 minutes for Brown was entitled to the decision.

One of the best bouts ever boxed in Rochester was between Basil Galiano and Charlie O'Connell with the latter flooring Galiano twice to receive the decision. O'Connell is yet to lose a bout in Rochester.

TEXAS and SOUTHWEST NOTES

By DON CEE

Texas fans are looking forward to some flashy fistic fiestas at this writing, as there are many boxers from the North and East who are wintering in the sunny clime of Central and Southwest Texas.

Among the boxers who are wintering in the vicinity of San Antonio are Tillie ("Kid") Herman of Califor-Jnia; Tillie is now a full fledged middleweight; Pat Dalton of Seattle, Washington, a light heavyweight; Dav Pollock, a welterweight from Ohio; Eddie Chaney, a junior welterweight of New York and Vecenti Aguilar, a husky middleweight of Torreon, Mexico. Kid Lecho, a likely looking bantam from Piedres Negres, Mexico, also is making his temporary home in the Alamo City.

Chuck Burns, the youthful light heavyweight knockout artist of San Antonio, has been kept busy filling engagements since his return from New York and Connecticut where he won several bouts the first of the year. Burns' next start at this writing will be against Tillie ("Kid") Herman of California. The two light heavies will battle at Kelly Field, Texas, a U. S. Army Aero Depot, just seven miles sout of San Antonio. The Kelly Field promoters expect a sell-out.

Leo Palmer, the pleasing little "Mexico Fighting Student," from Zacatecas, Mexico, has been winning consistently in Texas and Louisiana rings since his visit to the State last July. After three consecutive victories in the vicinity of San Antonio, Texas, Leo was taken to South Louisiana in company with his manager, Don Curley, and flyweight stablemate, Pancho Flores. Palmero duplicated in the Louisiana rings, then was entered again at San Antonio, Fort Sam Houston, Texas, thence to Enid, Oklahoma, and after such a strenuous campaign, Manager Curley sent his youthful featherweight protege back to Zacatecas, Mexico, and El Paso, Texas, for visits with his relatives.

We have seen the little Mexican student idol in several of his contests and have concluded that he can take his place among the top notch stars and step with the best of the noted 122-pounders.

Socks Powell, the Galveston, Texas, featherweight, recently returned to Texas from California. He picked up several fights around Southwest Texas and gave the customers a good run for their money. Powell weighs in the neighborhood of 125 pounds.

Eddie Chaney, of Philadelphia, is wintering in Texas, having decided to remain in San Antonio while enroute to California.

Louis (Doc) Keller, the elder brother of Terry Keller, who boasts several fights against Jack Dempsey, has been a long-time visitor in San Antonio. He came south on an auto tour and decided to bask awhile in the warm sunny climate of Southwest Texas. Keller is handling a couple of preliminary boys to keep his hand in at the old game.

Mercy Montez, the hero of the last long finished fight of 53 rounds, which took place in the City of Mexico during 1922, is now at his San Antonio home and ready for any of the junior welterweights. Mercy is a tough, willing, slugging type of battler, who will stay in there and give to the last ounce of strength in his husky system.

Tommy White, the star of all Southwestern and Mexican battlers in the lightweight and welterweight class, is at this writing in Mexico where he is boxing every week and sometimes twice per week and winning consistently over welterweights and middleweights. This, notwithstanding the fact that White only weighs 137 pounds ringside in good condition.

On October 30 Tommy won a decison over Louie Garcia, a California middleweight on the Jack Dempsey card in Mexico City. Then travelling with the Dempsey entourage to Monterey, Mexico, White beat Florr Navarro, another Mexican middleweight, in twelve rounds. On the following Saturday Tommy again repeated by winning a twelve-round decision over Fast Black, the tought Indianapolis negro.

Jack Shelton, the erstwhile promoter of boxing in San Antonio, has lost his indoor location, but is not discouraged in the least. Our friend Jack took it upon himself to give the "Alamo City" something she has needed for years, and that is, an honest-to-goodness real first-class business men's gymnasium, where the tired, overweight business man can hie himself after business hours for a little reducing exercise.

Professional boxers have the full afternoon to do their training in the new gym, which is equipped with electric and steam baths for Russian and Turkish baths, also with several showers and rubbing rooms. An expert rubber and chiropodist works in connection with the gym and boxer, business man, or wrestlers can get anything from a pair of scrambled ears to a hair cut in the new elite palace of sports.

Mr. Shelton issues a hearty invitation to all out-of-town boxers who come through San Antonio en route for the Coast or other points to stay over in the "Alamo City" and train in his gym. A hearty welcome will be accorded to all. The gymnasium is located in the heart of the city on the banks of the San Antonio River at 324 Navarro Street, with three sides of the gymnasium open to plenty of air and sunshine.

Chuck Burns, the San Antonio light heavyweight mauler, was the first member to get his name on the new Business Men's A. C. list and along with Jack Shelton, the owner, was the first to train in the new gym and to try out the many new exercise contrivances which have been installed.

Jack Fowler put the finish to Frankie McFarland's career at Kelly Field, Texas, on November 8 in the final event of an all-star card. Fowler won a wide margin in every one of the eight rounds and had McFarland resorting to every trick in his bag to be excluded from taking a short nap before the several hundred fans who packed the airplane hangar to see the three eight-round attractions. McFarland's efforts in his contest against Fowler consisted of holding on the ropes, clinching, sticking his head out through the ropes, turning his back and falling down. This bout spoiled a perfectly good evening for the fans.

Socks Powell, Galveston featherweight, lost a close decision to Kid Lencho of Eagle Pass in another eight rounder. Lencho's victory was only moral, as by all rules of the game, Socks won hands down, but Lencho's continual complaining of Powell's roughness and the fact that he was several pounds lighter than the Galvestonian, swayed the referee and the judges in favor of the lanky little Mexican of the border city.

Rabbit Palmer, the little blond headed battler, now of Kelly Field, whose former home is Spokane, Washington, outpointed Mickey Cromwell, also of Kelly Field, in the other eight-round event, although the judges called the contest a draw.

Dave Pollock, of Miami, Florida, and Atlanta, was knocked out in the second round of a scheduled ten-round bout at Wichita Falls, Texas, on November 18, by Duke Tramell, the Fort Worth school boy fighter, who has been making a great name for himself the past two years.

Tramell is under the able guidance of Don M. Wofford, Wichita promoter, and is soon to be sent East for several battles against the Eastern welters.

Lieut. H. P. Killpack, the snappy little promoter of boxing at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, prepared a good holiday card for his customers.

Walk Miller's Black Tornado, Deacon Tiger Flowers of Atlanta, Georgia, comes in for many a big boost among the Texas fans. Flowers has shown twice in the Alamo City and a number of times at El Paso and Juarez, Mexico, also in Mexico City. He is known as a fine, manly, clean-cut chap and a clean fighter.

Jack (Red) Wolfe, the hustling ex-promoter of Scott Field, has taken over the reins at Kelly Field, Texas, in the line of promoting boxing events and has been showing to packed houses.

Pancho Flores, the 112-pound boss of the Southwestern flyweights, is at this writing back in the gymnasium and getting into condition for a series of matches arranged for him in Mexico by his mentor, Don Curley. Pancho had a long seige of malaria and dengue fevers, which he picked up at Point Isabel and Matamoras, Mexico, while visiting with relatives in July. This combination of weakening fevers put the fiery little battler under the weather for a couple of months, but happily he is entirely recovered and has thrown his hat back into the ring and sends a ringing challenge to any of those bantams who might have beaten him in the past, this to include Amos (Kid) Carlin of New Orleans. Pancho Flores' weight is 112, but when he fought Carlin he weighed 110¼ during September when he was in a weakened condition.

K. C. Banfield and Mike Acosta of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, have reopened their arena and showing some good cards to their customers. They opened after the recent rainy spell with an all-negro show, which was not so well received by the patrons. The Baton Rouge fans are howling for some more of Pancho Flores, Tommy White, Chuck Burns and Leo Palmer. All these boys have shown to the Louisiana Capitol City fans and make a decided hit.

After Chuck Burns contests against Tillie (Kid) Herman and Vecenti Aguilar in Texas during December, he will be matched at Baton Rouge in a fifteen-round event, probably against "Big Boy" Peterson of New Orleans.

Since the showings of "Young" Stribling, Jack Dempsey and Jackie Clark in San Antonio and the light heavyweight and heavyweight bouts featuring Chuck Burns, Jack League, Kid Toney, Pat Dalton and Vecenti Aguilar in the Texas boxing cities, the big fellows have become very popular. Now the promoters are looking for the good big fellows to match against local prides in Texas.

Larry (Dutch) Meinert of Dallas, Texas, is going about his business of matching a good substantial boxing card each week and shows to a packed club when he brings in outside talent. Dallas fans show a preference for West and South Texas boxers. Meinert shows in his own club room, with a seating capacity for about one thousand paid customers and ladies are admitted free with ringside male escorts. Boxing in Dallas and Houston, Texas, is conducted strictly under the club membership plan.

KANSAS NOTES

By WILLIAM PATRICK

Walter Page has been winning regularly under the Ripple colors. In his last three bouts he beat Eddie Dwyer and Jack White, and scored a knockout over Pat Shelby.

Eddie Dwyer, Mexican welterweight, now making Hutchinson his home, journeyed to St. Joseph, Missouri, to box Jimmie Deering of Kansas City and got away to a bad start. The fans razzed Eddie for fighting in a shell and using foul tactics and the referee, after warning Eddie, gave the fight to Deering on a foul in the seventh round.

After a string of five victories, Pat Shelby didn't listen to Manager Turk's advice to box Page and after outboxing Walter for five rounds, Pat got knocked out in the sixth round when he tried to slug with Page. Slugging is Page's style.

Doggy Lawhead, hard punching welterweight of the Ripple string, was operated on for appendicitis and is slowly recuperating in a Dodge City sanitarium.

Mike Rozgall, of Omaha, is a big favorite in Wichita since his victory over Elmer McMullen and Rem Williams. There is talk of a Corbett-Rozgall show for Wichita since Rozgall's fine showing with Williams and the Kansas fans know that the "Fighting Irishman" is a worthy foe for Rozgall.

Jack Rich, Dixie featherweight, formerly of Memphis, now making Wichita his home, beat Charlie Dodge in ten rounds at Kansas City.

Ace Riddle, another of Ripple's stars, is back after a successful trip to Indiana. The Ace beat Eddie Dyer and Lester Martin, then lost to Eddie Dyer and knocked out Lester Martin while in Indiana. His first victim in Kansas was Bud Harris, whom he knocked out in four rounds at Wichita. Ace was the welter champ of Kansas until beaten by Pat Corbett at Hutchinson Labor Day.

Wichita is one town that doesn't have to import a referee as Wichita is the home of Johnny Husong and Johnny is to be complimented on the fine manner in which he refereed cards here.

It is rumored that Bobby Taylor has decided to give up boxing since his beating at the hands of Pat Corbett at Topeka.

Elmer McMullen, another of Ripple's string, is back from a trip through Texas and Oklahoma.

By refereeing all five bouts, three of which ended in knockouts, Tom Martin proved himself to be a capable referee. It was the best card ever promoted in Topeka by the Legion.

C. E. Hobbs, matchmaker for the Topeka American Legion, surprised his many friends by marrying Miss Helen Rebecca Gephart. Mr. Hobbs is sports editor of the Topeka State Journal.

It makes very little difference to Pat Corbett, Hutchinson's pride in the welterweight class, whether he meets one Kansas City boy or another. Armistice Day Corbett was scheduled to box ten rounds with Bobby Taylor, Kansas City scrapper, on an American Legion fight card in Topeka, but Taylor did not put in an appearance and in his place Harvey Thorpe, veteran of many a ring battle and the pride of Jay Thomas's string of fighters, was thrown in. Corbett took each of the ten rounds and also won a place in the hearts of Topeka fans on his fine showing. Corbett has beaten Thrope in Hutchinson and Taylor at Topeka.

Earl Cecil, Kansas City bantamweight, looks like a comer. His victories over Jimmie ("Kid") Hartman and knockouts of Young Kitchel and Johnny Strogue, show him to be a clever boy with a knockout punch.

The recent boxing show at Hutchinson as a benefit for the firemen, was a success.

Socco Hughes, colored, of Hutchinson and Young Wolgast, another negro, claiming Wichita as his home, boxed four rounds, with Socco winning.

Frankie Fields outboxed Connie Thompson in four rounds.

In the semi windup, Eddie Dwyer was given a shade over Elmer McMullen but the writer of this column thought the worst McMullen should have had was a draw.

Joe Ciro gave Jimmy "Kid" Hartman a boxing lesson in ten rounds.

No more boxing shows until St. Patrick's Day, says C. E. King, matchmaker for the Hutchinson American Legion. Mr. King's coal business takes up so much of his time that he doesn't feel that he should promote another card until he has time to make it go over in the style of previous shows promoted by him.

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FLORIDA STATE NOTES

By DUKE BARRY

Evidently, judging by the press dispatches from New York, that city is being emptied and the fighters are coming Floridaward. Recent arrivals in Miami were Freddy Welsh, ex-lightweight champion of the world; Jeff Smith, famous globe trotter.

Jimmy Goodrich has sent terms to Promoter Ed Douglass for four appearances in Florida rings. Perhaps ere this appears in The Ring, the present lightweight champion will be in the land of continuous sunshine. In other words, meaning Miami.

Freddy Welsh, it appears, has been brought on here by George T. Browne of the N. B. T. Roney realty interests. Welsh informed the writer that the object of his visit was to secure a site for the promotions of athletic contests of all descriptions for the Roney interests. However, we are under the impression, that Freddy or his associates will find it hard sledding trying to break into Miami proper. Promoter Ed Douglass of the Magic City, has his village tied up very, very strong.

Jack Middleton, the Miami light heavyweight, did far better than expected when he defeated Fred Mace of New Jersey, at Daytona, recently.

Johnny Flynn, the hard hitting and fast fighting welterweight of Chattanooga, Tenn., who recently invaded Miami, made good with a bang in his first start. Flynn was tossed into the ring with Frankie Murphy of Denver, a great fighter with a wonderful fighting brain, but Flynn came through with an impressive win. Flynn looks like the best prospect of his weight that has come to the Magic City in some time.

By Johnny Flynn decisively defeating the veteran Frankie Murphy, he performed no mean feat. Murphy has hooked-up with the best welters in the game, among the number being Morris Schlaifer, Paul Doyle, Dave Shade, Bobby Harper of the west coast.

Steve Sarron, undoubtedly one of the most aggressive and hardest socking featherweights that tossed leather in Miami, came through with another knockout victory when he flattened Al Roberts of Atlanta in one round recently at Miami. Sarron is a Birmingham, Ala., youth.

Another new club in Florida will open its doors, probably has done so, before this appears in print. The new sluggery will be located at Ft. Lauderdale, located 27 miles north of Miami. Billy Dawson, pioneer promoter of Florida fisticuffing, will head the new enterprise with the writer acting as matchmaker.

Jim Downey, the imported mid-western matchmaker of the 115th Field Artillery of Tampa, had the gods smiling on him when he opened his new arena in the City of Cigars. It was the dedication of the $20,000 stadium and 4,500 were there to see Joe Lohman of Toledo, Ohio, handing Marine Tolliver of Mishawaka, Wis., a lacing in the star tilt of 10 rounds. Downey has made good. And the affair took place on Armistice Day.

A new addition to the many flyweight boxers in the vicinity of Miami, who bids fair to make it interesting for the galaxy of that division, is Baby Reyes of Key West, Fla.

Incidentally, these little flyweights have the spotlight in Miami at present. The Magic City was long known as a haven for the big fellows, but not now. Among the the stellar little fellows here are Joie Epstein of New York; Mickey Gill of San Francisco; Tommy ("Kid") Williams of Charleston, S. C.; Petey Sarron of Birmingham, Ala.; Frankie Rubia, the Filipino, of Savannah; Garner Johns and Baby Reyes.

Tony Caponi, well known featherweight of national repute, who has fought numerous encounters in the old Madison Square Garden and has tied into about every topnotcher of note during his hectic career, will shortly arrive in Miami and will start a strenuous campaign.

Jimmy Gerry, popular welter of Chicago, came to Miami and made good in his first two starts. Jimmy kayoed Bobby Cox of Jacksonville in two frames and the following week won the verdict over Gus Hunter of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Barney Adair, Leo ("Publicity") Flynn's Irish welter, is again strutting his stuff in Miami. Barney is traveling along merrily. Adair has defeated Gus Hunter of Brooklyn, N. Y. and Joe Marks of Philadelphia so far.

After waging a hard time with sickness and battling under adverse conditions, Red Taylor, popular junior lightweight, formerly of Richmond, Va., but now of Miami, is traveling in splendid form.

Dick Baker, once popular boxer of Miami, has evidently hit the skids for all time.

Andy Bowen of Washington, D. C., was imported here to put the skids under Pedro Campo, the Filipino, of Philadelphia. As usual, Campo handed Bowen a sweet lacing. Then Boots Antley of Columbus, Ga., repeated the. dose. The contests took place at Miami and West Palm Beach, respectively.

Phil Pritchard, the West Palm Beach promoter, got off to a bad start on Armistice Day. The weather man failed Phil, so he only ran his prelims, then the following night, Artie McCann knocked out Chick Miller, while Antley pasted Bowen.

A. B. Connors, matchmaker of the American Legion of St. Petersburg, staged a bang-up program recently, flashing three tens, in which Artic McCann of Philly, dropped the duke to Kid Lessard of St. Pete., on a foul in three frames; Red Taylor of Miami won on a T. K. over Kid Earl of Columbus, Ga., in seven rounds and Ralph Hodd of Charlotte, N. C., won by a wide margin over Jackie Barnhart of Terre Haute.

Ed Corley, formerly known as "Fearless Ferns" of Jacksonville, has two likely battlers that are traveling along in great style at present. They are Harry Allen, clever banty of Macon, Ga., and Ben Ray of Columbus, Ga., feather.

Anthony Downey, formerly of Columbus, Ohio, has hung up the gloves for all time. "Tony" and his dad mixed up in the realty game as a side issue at first with the result that the game produced more "jack" than the fight game, so they have decided to sell real estate exclusively.

Jack Britton, ex-welterweight king, who has been making Miami his home for quite a long time now, info's the news that as soon as the weather chills a bit he intends to start working out.

Jack Middleton, who has rounded into the form that denotes that he will be a dangerous man for any one to mingle with, is having a hard time securing matches.

If Johnny Flynn, the Chattanooga welterweight, had not made such an impressive showing when he easily defeated Frankie Murphy of Denver, it is probable that the huge aggregation of welters in Miami would have been trailing Flynn for a bout or two. But with Flynn flashing championship form, Johnny is finding it hard to get some of the so-called smart welters in the ring with him.

Billy Gibson, "big shot" manager of Gene Tunney and other knckle whirlers, has written Walter St Denis, feature sport writer of the Miami Herald, that he will shortly arrive for the winter season.

C. G. ("Apples") Applegren and Marty Cutler, for five years on Jack Dempsey's training staff, have formed a partnership to manage fighters. Cutler will have charge of the training duties of the boys, while "Apples," former Chicago sports writer, will handle the publicity and business details. They have signed Rusty Hennessey, middleweight out of Chicago; Ralph Granara, New England bantamweight king out of Boston; Red Davis, lightweight, who piled up a string of fourteen consecutive knockouts in as many fights while in the Marine Corps; Martin Grupa, welterweight champion of the Devil Dogs; and Fred Mace, Jersey City light heavyweight.

A bit of speed in the line of bantamweight activities has been shown here by Ralph Granara the elongated former distance runner from Boston. Granara has been going strong since coming to Florida.

Red Davis claims the distinction of never having engaged in a bout which heard the final bell sounded. Out of the fourteen bouts in which he has engaged the longest went seven rounds when it terminated in a knockout in favor of the sorrel top. Six of his fourteen starts have ended in one round knockouts, the shortest being fifteen seconds.

Johnny Flynn made a very creditable showing against Barney Adair in the final of an excellent card. A short time later in the same arena Flynn made it interesting for Adair. Barney got the edge on points, but had to go some.

Chick Miller dropped another one, when Jorden Sheppard of Macon, Ga., outpointed the Chicago feather rather handily. Andy Bowen finally came through with a victory over Freddy Boorde of Atlanta.

Harry "Kid" Brown, flashing Philadelphia boxer, beat Happy Henry, the west coast battler, here. The Quaker City youth's performance was a brilliant one.

Charley Pittman clever Macon, Ga., junior lightweight who has been on the shelf due to being butted by Kid Earl, has again laced on the gloves and is traveling along in his excellent style.

Mickey Forkins, classy welter of Chicago, gave away 18 pounds to Red Fitzsimmons of Texas and then handed the sorrell topped battler a lacing.

Frankie Manilla, speedy bantamweight, who has mingled in over two hundred encounters, tossing leather with Johnny Dundee, Pete Herman, Pal Moors, Dandy Dick Griffen, among the many, has hied himself Miamiward and craves action with the best feathers.

"Pop" and Sid Barrett, daddy and brother of Bobby Barrett of Philly, respectively, are reaping enough dough to pay the high cost of existing in Miami, by Sid lacing and being laced by the many banties hereabouts.

Another new club swings into action in Florida. It will be located at Hollywood, and Alton Ball of Chicago, will do the matching.

BOXING NOTES FROM WASHINGTON, D. C.

By PATSY DONOVAN

Young Phillips, 126-pounder from Norfolk, Va., made quite a hit here when he won over Eddie Bowen in the feature bout at the Aloysius Club. Phillips won every one of the eight rounds and at times it looked like curtains for Mr. Bowen. Eddie did not seem to be himself and made the worst fight he has ever shown here. Phillips scored a couple of knockdowns.

In the main event of ten rounds at the City Club, Harry ("Kid") Groves and Toney Cortex boxed a fast draw. Both boys tried hard the entire distance and the members were well pleased with the bout. These two boys are the best looking prospects around town just at prsent.

In the semi-final Jack Kendrick knocked out Al Ward in four rounds. Ward had been on the floor many times before he went down for the final count. It took considerable time to bring the big soldier around after the final punch. This Kendrick is the stiffest puncher hereabouts. This makes four straight wins for the former Navy man. Jack Shattuck knocked out Frenchie Rouseau in one of the six rounders, while Jimmy Mac had the better of Sailor Saboda in the opener.

Henry LaMar, amateur champion light heavy of the U. S., appeared in an exhibition bout here before the Manor Golf Club on Nov. 21. His opponent was the rough and tough Jack Shattuck. LaMar gave a wonderful exhibition with his more experienced opponent. Although he could not punch with the professional man, he was much more alert and the bout was very interesting.

In the feature bout, Joe Piscatella and Pep Albee went eight hurricane rounds. This was the fastest fight seen here in a long while. Albee, who was outweighed by some five pounds, was the faster of the two boys, but Joe more than made up for this with his aggressive tactics. Toney Cortex punched Whitie Morrison as he pleased and Harry Groves knocked out Sailor Oden.

Joe Downey, middleweight champion of the U. S. Navy, is scheduled to meet Texas Stovall, local Indian fighter, here on December 2. This bout is causing considerable comment, as Tex is sure one tough bird and capable of giving any junior middleweights a run for their money. In Texas' last appearance before the home folks he pasted Nick Bass, the Baltimore knockout artist, to a fare-thee-well, much to the displeasure of one Sammy Harris, his Baltimore manager.

Al Foreman, Ft. Myer featherweight, will appear at the next show of the City Club. Foreman is a finished fighter and capable of meeting better boys than have been seen against him here to date. Foreman, before coming here, met some of the best boys in Europe. He also fought Kid Roy, the Canadian featherweight champion.

TRENTON FLASHES

By ED HINES

Tommy (Kid) Murphy got in action again after a long lay off with a victory over Murray Elkins of New York at the local arena.

A week later he substituted for Honey Boy Finnegan against Eddie (Kid) Wagner and won by a farmer's mile, both judges giving it to the Trenton Lightning Rod. Philadelphia promoters want a Murphy-Finnegan fight, but it looks like Finnegan doesn't want any of Murphy.

Johnny Brennan, that sturdy flyweight, beat Willie Harvey for the championship of Trenton. With a few more bouts under his belt Johnny will start for bigger game.

Tommy Murphy has engaged Thomas Faggella as fight with Maxie Rosenbloom was a peach. If West would only get down to the grind he would make a lot of money for himself.

Willie Beetle boxed Earl Baird a draw in the semi to the Murphy-Elkins go.

The new promoters got off to a poor start but great things are expected from them. It is not a new field for either of them.

The next windup is between Maxie Rosenbloom and Jack Palmer. The show after that looks like Murphy and Jean Johnson. Johnson is the boy who beat Jimmy Goodrich a few weeks ago. Good luck to our new promoters, Keegan and Mayer.

Tommy Murphy has engaged Thomas Fagella as his secretary.

The Fisher Five, managed by Nick Fisher, South Trenton sportsman, has rung up eight consecutive victories on the basketball court. Keep it up, boys.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By TOM ANDREWS

Boxing fans have had their fill of big shows recently and the promoters have had a pretty good run of luck as far as receipts go. Three big shows in one week is going some, even for New York, but the Los Angeles fans seem to thrive on it.

Despite the fact that there are dozens of high class fighters here now the wires keep carrying messages to promoters here that more stars are on their way or about ready to start for the golden west.

Fighters like Champion Charley Rosenberg, Ted Moore, the English star, whom George Engel thinks can beat all the middleweights, and others have been waiting around for something worth while. Bud Taylor is hooked up and so is most of Frank Churchill's stable, but there are many idle, because they do not want to take anything less than a windup spot on the card.

Champion Jack Dempsey is back from his Mexican trip and looking in perfect health and the best of condition. In fact Jack has not appeared in better shape for a long time. He is laying low just now and attending to matters at his hotel, feeling that a little rest will do no harm. Jack Kearns, manager of the champion, although they are not together now, seems to be thriving and expects to leave most any time for the east to look after Mickey Walker's interests.

Jack Kearns would like to show Mickey here during the winter and it is possible that Jack Doyle will arrange a shot for him at the open arena in Maier's park with some legitimate welterweight. Dave Shade would be the boy to make it one great big match. Jimmy Duffy, too, would not be so bad, but he has not the "rep" for such a bout that Dave Shade carries.

Tommy O'Brien, the wild Irishman, who made Milwaukee his home for some time, is out with a proposition to fight either Mushy Callahan or Ace Hudkins for a $10,000 side bet and winner take all of the purse.

Tommy will have a little test before meeting either of the above lads as he has been matched to box Lou Paluso of Salt Lake City, Nov. 25th, instead of Sid Terris, the latter having hurt has hands.

Ace Hudkins, through Brother Clyde, has accepted terms with Matt Hinkel for a battle in Cleveland, O., some time during the holidays or soon after. Promoter Hinkel wanted Ace for a meeting with Charlie O'Connell or some other good lightweight, but preferred a December date. Ace wants to rest up a bit and for that reason has declined several big matches.

The Vernon A. C., through Jack Doyle, may bring out Phil Glassman's stable of fighters after the holidays. Phil wants to make the trip, but only on condition that he matches up both Lew Tendler and his featherweight sensation—Benny Bass. Tendler against Mushy Callahan or Jimmy Duffy and Bass against Bud Taylor, or Charlie Rosenberg would be a swell card for an outdoor shot and would pack any arena here.

Danny Goodman, who recently returned to his home here, was authorized to go ahead and make the deal for Glassman and also to arrange for bringing out Max Hoff's stars—Eddie Kid Wagner, Danny Kramer and Ad Stone. Danny brought Terry McHugh, another of the stable, with him and he will probably get an early start against Bud Taylor or Doc Snell at the Hollywood Legion.

The announcement that Young Stribling will retire from the ring for good and settle down in the south is not the best news for Los Angeles promoters, as two clubs had been after him for some big matches after the holidays. Stribling, by his defeat of Eddie Huffman and Jimmy Delaney here, put himself in a position for a crack at some of the big fellows, and he was especially wanted for a Carpentier match.

When Jack Doyle heard that Benny Leonard might return to the ring and fight for Tex Rickard in New York during the coming winter, he ejaculated: "There is just one match I would like to have Leonard in and this is against Mushy Callahan. It would be a classic and pack any arena in California."

The boxing commission of California is gradually getting onto all the tricks of the trade and making the boxers and promoters toe the mark at every turn.

Managers and boxers were of the opinion that once a license was secured, that it would be good for all time without further expense. They were shocked the other day to have Walter Yarwood, secretary of the commission, send out notices that all of them, including managers, boxers, seconds and also wrestlers and referees must take out new licenses for the year 1926.

There were 2,129 fighters who took out licenses during 1925 and the sum received amounted to $123,071.45, which does not include the 5% state tax which each club must pay.

It is estimated that close to 2,500 boxers will take out licenses for 1926 in California; and fully 400 managers.

It is also planned to turn over to charity institutions any money held back where boxers are guilty of faking, etc.

When Mushy Callahan knocked out Pal Moran at Vernon recently, the friends of the veteran Pal in New Orleans would not believe the report, so Frankie Edwards, promoter in that city, sent the following wire to Eddie Sears, manager of Callahan:

"Will give you a guarantee of $4,000 and privilege to bring Callahan here and convince these Italians that your fighter did knock Pal out."

Judging from the wire Frankie must be convinced that it was all O. K., and that he merely wants it repeated for the benefit of some doubtful ones. It was the first time that Moran had ever been given the K. O., and hard for his friends to believe.

The fact that Mushy did turn the trick got Tex Rickard's eagle eye and he has been sending out feelers as to how a Callahan-Walker match would go in old Gotham. Not bad at all!

The prospect of matching Fidel LaBarba, champion flyweight of America, with Elky Clark, European champion, for the world's crown, has gotten beyond the closed arena stage.

It looks as though Louis Kid Kaplan, champion featherweight, whom Scotty Monteith is guiding about the East, will have to fight Kid Roy of Montreal, the Canadian champion.

Danny Kramer, southpaw star, tried to put Roy off the grade, but according to the Montreal papers just at hand, Danny was beaten fairly and had no kick coming.

The Canucks have taken Roy to their hearts and want to back him against Kaplan for the American championship, so it is up to Scotty now to make good. It would be interesting, too, as the Canadians have not had a real champion in many a long day.

The rumor here that Jim Coffroth, former San Francisco promoter, would break into the boxing game again, is taken with a grain of salt. Jim is entrenched at Tiajuana with a fine racing plant and he knows that too many holdings do not make to the success of all.

Jim likes the boxing game, but during the past few years he has been away from it entirely.

"Anything I might do in the boxing line now would merely be to help some of my friends," said Jim the other day at his office in San Diego.

"There were times when I might have considered something big at Tiajuana," continued Jim, "but that time has passed. To tell the truth I have not seen a fight in many moons, but expect to take a day or two off before long and visit with my old friends at Vernon and the new arena. It is a great game, but gives a man many worries. The racing game is bad enough, but I prefer it to the boxing game.

"I would like to have seen a Dempsey-Wills match out this way, for I have always been confident that Jack would knock that colored gent for a goal any time they entered the same ring. They may meet in the east, but I have little faith in the Michigan City proposition."

Boxing fans here have peculiar ideas as to the relative merits of the fighters.

The other evening at one of the shows here Big Ralph Smith, candidate for heavyweight honors, was battling Young Ford, a colored scrapper. Ralph started after his man from the sound of the gong and within two minutes had him battered so badly that the referee stepped in and stopped it, saving the colored man from a knockout.

Smith started to leave the ring and expected the plaudits of the crowd, but instead received cat-calls and boos. On the other hand Ford, who had been practically knocked silly in a round got the big hand. Then to make it good measure the crowd, that is most of the crowd, began to razz the referee because he stopped the fight.

Consistent did you say? Well, somewhat!

Efforts are being made to bring Mushy Callahan and Pinky Mitchell together in a match for the junior welterweight championship.

Mushy has been beating everything brought before him and there is talk of putting him against Mickey Walker, but Manager Eddie Sears is not so anxious for that shot yet. He may take it at the right time, but not just now. He prefers to wait a bit.

Pinkey Mitchell holds the crown and has the belt, costing $3,000 to prove it. His brother Billy, who does the managing, is willing to put the belt up as part of the plunder to be fought for and Callahan thinks it would be swell to be wearing the same around to hold up his panties. He is confident that he can whip Mitchell.

Both the Olympic club and Jack Doyle's Vernon club have been bidding for the match. It is really an outdoor attraction and for that reason Manager Mitchell favors the Doyle crowd as they have the open air arena at Maier's park.

Pinky made a wonderful fight here with Jimmy Duffy recently and the fans are anxious to see him against Callahan.

A great little featherweight was flashed on the boxing public here when Jimmy McLarnin, 18 year old lad from Vancouver, B. C., put to sleep another youngster, and a most promising one, Jackie Fields, of Los Angeles, in two rounds.

There was a great rivalry between the two kids and the match created so much interest that the big auditorium was well filled by fans anxious to root for their favorites.

The weight no doubt hurt Fields, but even if he had been heavier it would have made little difference as McLarnin seemed to have everything set after the starting of the first round. He was cool and followed his man about the ring like a cooper going to work on a barrel.

Jackie had the edge in the first because he boxed better and kept leading with his left, but in the second Jimmy, who had gauged his man, cut loose and started right after Fields, putting over a hard right to the chin that sent Jackie through the ropes. In falling Fields hit his head against the ring boards and it did him no good. He got up immediately instead of taking the nine count to clear his head and was promptly knocked down again. Two more followed for short counts and then a hard one to the point again that put Jackie out for good. At the same time Willie Rooney, his manager, tossed the towel into the ring.

There is talk now of matching McLarnin with Charley Rosenberg, the bantam champion, and if it goes through it will be held at Doyle's open air arena.

Newsboy Brown, who recently jumped into the front ranks of flyweights by his defeat of Frankie Genaro of Brooklyn, N. Y., is wanted in New Orleans for a match with Kid Carlin of that city, another contender for the flyweight title. Brown has developed into one of the best 112 pounders on the coast and has to his credit a draw decision with LaBarba.

Bud Taylor is not bantam nor featherweight champion, but there are few people around here who do not feel that he can whip the champion at 118 and stand a good chance of copping the feather title.

Bud gave a wonderful exhibition the other evening against Pete Sarmiento, the Filipino typhoon, winniing the contest. Seldom is such a battle seen, where the winner took practically every round still the fight was thrilling and interesting up to the very last blow struck. Bud had nine of the ten rounds, but the Filipino never stopped throughout the thirty minutes of fighting in his chase after the clever Bud.

Billy Ames, eastern manager of Tommy Milligan, the European welterweight and middleweight star, may bring the young Scotch sensation to the coast for a battle after the holidays. Milligan is over here for the express purpose of battling Mickey Walker, welter champion, for the world's title. He may be matched with Jimmy Duffy, Bert Colima and Leo Lomski if he comes out.

Harry Greb is another champion who is figuring on visiting the coast this winter. The middleweight king can grab off some good matches here and haul down some pretty good purses.

To walk down Spring street or visit the Manhattan Gymnasium, when Champion Jack Dempsey holds forth, reminds one of 42nd and Broadway, New York, judging by the number of eastern fighters one bumps into.

Within a block the other day the writer ran into the following: Charley Phil Rosenberg, bantamweight champion, and his manager, Harry Segal; Phil Kaplan, welterweight; Johnny Green and Nat Pincus, feathers; Buddy Taylor and his manager, Eddie Long; Johnny Clinton, welter; Joey Sangor and his brother manager, Lew; Jimmy Finley, Louisville welter; Terry McHugh, bantam; Jimmy Delaney, light heavy; Johnny O'Donnell, lightweight; Tommy O'Brien, lightweight; George Engel, former manager of Harry Grebb, and his protege, Ted Moore, middle; Sam Slotsky and his bantam, Earl McArthur; Pete Sarmiento, Sammy Shack, Harry Wallach, Mike Ballerino and Sencio of the Frank Churchill stable, and others.

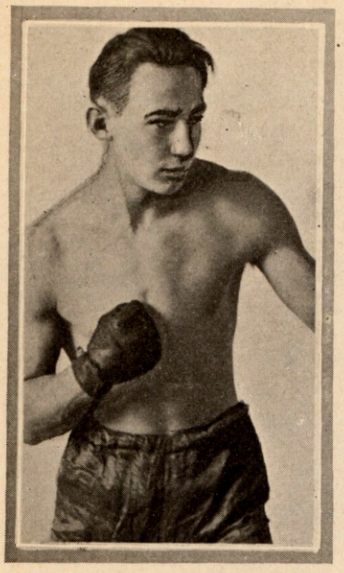
Frankie Genaro, former champion flyweight, has been wiring back here for another chance at Fidel LaBarba, but there is little hope of such a match at this time, unless Manager Geo. Blake agrees to take his little champion east, in which event a match may be arranged either in Jersey or at Tex Rickard's new club.

Ernie Goozeman, San Diego featherweight, who made a big hit in the middle west during 1923 and 1924, has made quite a comeback since his defeat by Bud Taylor several months ago. Ernie has had eleven straight wins and his manager—Larnie Lichtenstein—is now after the best of the feathers again.

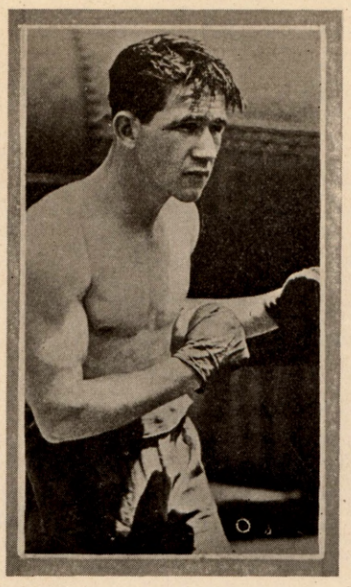
Lou Rollinger of the same stable of boxers is back from Chicago and has several matches booked and at San Francisco.

Larny has also taken over Lou Paluso, whom Leo P. Flynn sent out here last spring. Paluso will have a hard battle on his hands when he meets Tommy O'Brien to a decision.

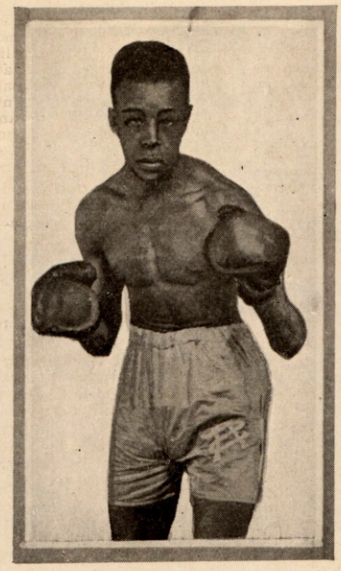
Joey Sangor, Milwaukee featherweight who has battled the best in the land, has finally landed here with his brother-manager and has thrown down the gauntlet to all the stars here, including Pete Sarmiento, Bud Taylor, Jimmy McLarnin, Jackie Fields, Doc Snell, Stewart McLean and others.



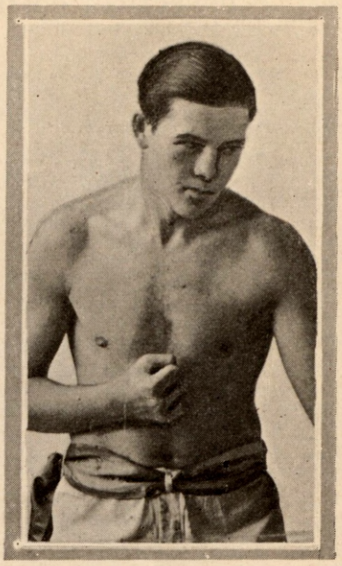
"Irish" Tommy Jordan, a strong Brooklyn welterweight.



Johnny Adams, lightweight from San Bernandino, California.



Al Singleton, coming lightweight from Jersey City.



Mark Judge, middle-west middleweight, a protege of Spider Kelly

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.

By OTTO A. PETERS

Tom Jones, matchmaker of the San Bernardino American Legion boxing club completed his duties as matchmaker and is now preparing to make a trpi East with two very fast boys, Johnny Adams, the former Pacific Coast lightweight champion and Neil Clisby a heavyweight. Jones says Clisby can beat any heavyweight in the world right now.

Suspensions of two well known figures in the Los Angeles boxing game were made public by the state boxing commission Nov. 10th. Tom Maloney, manager of Teddy O'Hara was suspended indefinitely. He is charged with having failed to live up to a contract with a promoter. Pico Rames, a stablemate of Ace Hudkins was placed on the ineligible for a period of one month. He fouled Joe Gorman in a bout at Hollywood last week.

George V. Blake, world famous maker of boxing champions has been granted an indefinite leave of absence from his duties as boxing instructor at the Los Angeles A. C. Charley Keppen, club director of athletics announced the above. Clayton Frye is teaching boxing during the absence of Blake.

Herd White, a leading local fighter fifteen years ago when 20 round bouts were held, was at the San Bernardino American Legion A. C. recently. He was greeted by a number of old time fight fans. White is now handling a stable of boxers in Wilmington.

Ritchie King, navy champion, scored a k. o. over Battling Ward in the eighth round of their scheduled 10 round go at Wilmington Bowl.

Joe Burns, hard punching Los Angeles featherweight upset the dope at Visalia, when he held the tough Mike Solano to a six round draw. Mike outweighed Joe by eight pounds.

Johnny Adams, San Bernardino lightweight, took another long step towards his comeback when he stopped Al Grunan in the fifth round of the main event at Wilmington. In the fourth round, Grunan was knocked down for the count of nine and again for the count of four as the bell rang. Billy Lane punched Young Terry all over the ring for eight rounds. Young Sallee was given a fancy boxing lesson by Al Conley. Walter Beck won a decision over Frankie Boldt in the sixth round.

Mushy Callahan and his manager, E. W. Sears will be restored to good standing by the California boxing commission Nov. 1st.

Heartbroken over his knockout by Mushy Callahan, Pal Moran left for New York. Pal made no attempt to secure another match in Los Angeles. He was stunned by the result. It was the first knockout of his career. Moran sat in Jack Doyle's office speaking to no one. The day after the knockout he cried all afternoon "I can't understand it yet, I did not think there was a man living who could do that to me."

Young Papke and Baby Joe Gans fought a ten round draw in the main event at Pasadena.

Young Harry Wills won a decision over Benny Valger at San Diego.

Secretary Walter Yarwood of the State Athletic Commission announced that all boxers, wrestlers, seconds, managers and referee, must renew their state licenses before Jan. 1, 1926, under the state laws.

Kid Mexico stopped Dick Dundee in the third round of a scheduled ten round main event at the Wilmington Bowl, Nov. 18th. Sailor Roy Baillie won the semi-windup decision over Battling Ward.

Ernie Hood knocked out Frankie Layman in the seventh round of a scheduled ten round fight at Pasadena, Nov. 19th. Sailor Smith knocked out Kid Rubio in the third round of the six round semi-windup.

BALLERINO LOSES TITLE ON COAST

By TOM STEVENS

The defeat of Mike Ballerino by Tod Morgan here on December 2 for the world's lightweight championship proved a big surprise. Few here expected that Morgan would wrest the crown from the head of Frank Churchill's boy, but Tod turned the trick and added another championship to the list held by Californians. It is noteworthy that on the night when Ballerino lost his title to Morgan, Joe Lynch, a Coast bantam, defeated Phil Rosenberg, but unfortunately, Rosenberg refused to make weight and before signing the contract insisted that the fight be at catch weights. As Lynch came in at 122 pounds, no title was at stake. It will not be long before California vies with New York in the number of home talent champions.

Ballerino's seconds threw a towel into the ring toward the close of the tenth round.

Ballerino was knocked down once for the count of nine, again for the count of three and was barely standing, groggy, in a neutral corner when his seconds threw in the towel.

Eight inches longer reach on the Seattle boy's arms, coupled with his hard hitting ability were too much for the Bayonne slugger. The champion weighed 129¾ pounds and the challenger 128.

Henry Wallach, of New York, took the decision from Ad Cadena, former lightweight champion of the navy, in a semi-windup.

The West Coast fans are watching with eager interest the progress of Eddie Huffman, former Navy lightweight whose first victory in the East indicates that he has a brilliant future in store for him. The conqueror of Tony Fuentes, Floyd Jonson, Bob Roper, Jimmy Delaney and others is a great fighting machine and time alone will tell.

Ritchie King, the newest Coast sensation, will take a trip to the East Coast next year, accompanied by his manager and Jimmy Lucas. The boys hold the light and flyweights championships respectively in the United States Navy. King has beaten such stars as Dandy Dillon, Andre Dupre, former French featherweight champion, and is one of the biggest drawing cards around Los Angeles at present. He is a two fisted fighter and one of the finest crowd pleasers in the game today. He has been boxing for three years.

San Diego is a thriving boxing center. Matchmaker Tommy Landis of the Coliseum is giving some great shows these days. Among the stars to participate in events at the Southern California emporium take in the names of Joe Benjamin, Kid Kaplan, Johnny Reisler, Bud Ridley and Frankie Garcia.

The Wilmington Bowl is host to many thousand lovers of the game. The arena seats about four thousand and capacity crowds frequent the harbor bowl. Doc Moffatt is the matchmaker and he has lined up some good bills.

Jack Silver, the San Francisco lightweight is a great performer, but has been troubled with a bad right hand. The elongated Bay City boy had passed up good shots on account of his flipper, but it appears to be rounding in good shape.

The Olympic Auditorium is fighting the boxing commission's order to compel the big house to show only twice a month instead of weekly. It is a severe blow to Root & Co., for they have been catering to crowded houses. The commission points to the fact that such an order will help the game and the smaller houses. Ace Hudkins and Mushy Callahan and Bud Taylor and Pete Sarmiento drew more than fourteen thousand fans to their slugfests at the beautiful arena.

Jack Dempsey's gymnasium in Los Angeles is not enjoying the big crowds any more. It seems as though there is a lull in business at the Spring Street training quarters when the champion leaves the Movie City. The place is completely equipped, and has two excellent rubbers and deserves a bigger patronage than they are having.

The boxing bug has a proper hold on Los Angeles. The big city has three major houses in operation, and seven more smaller houses in nearby towns, in addition to the big open air shows that are run occasionally. Strange as it may seem all are doing a fair amount of business although Jack Doyle has been complaining of small patronage. Jack has put some fine shows before the public, and of late his crowds are coming in larger numbers.

Joe Waterman, former pilot of Bud Ridley has great hopes for his Tacoma featherweight, Doc Snell, who gave Bud Taylor quite a tussle at Vernon. Doc carries dynamite in his right hand and keeps going from gong to gong. At present the medico is performing in the Great Open Spaces of the Northwest but expects to return to Los Angeles where he made a tremendous hit.

TARHELL STATE BOXING NOTES

By CY BROWN

North Carolina is again showing signs of returning life in the boxing game.

Charlotte opened up with a Lukie Tenner-Lou Guglimini which resulted in a slashing battle and declared a draw.

Greensboro opened its season with Battling Conway of Fort Bragg and Dave Eddlemen of Charlotte. The soldier battler carried off the decision.

Lowell opened with Buck Walker of Fort Bragg and Battling Eyzee. Buck won by a knockout in the second.

Ralph Hood and Kid Peck of Charlotte followed the mad gold rush to Florida and finally landed in St. Petersburg, where both made an impressive showing.

Dave Eddlemen changed managers for the steenth time and is now under the banner of Al Walker.

Lou Guglimini the "fighting wop," is anxious to fight anyone his weight.

Lukie Tenner, classy little featherweight, is kept busy filling engagements. He met Lou Guglimini in Charlotte then made a flying trip to Norfolk where he engaged Young Philpips the pride of the Naval Station. He left for Savannah, Ga., where he is booked to meet Guglimini in a return engagement and then will return to Charlotte where he boxes Tommy Quinn of Brooklyn.

CONNECTICUT GOSSIP

By ROY LOVERIDGE

Sheik Leonard of Wallingford lost the decision to Eddie Shevlin at Holyoke in the star bout of ten rounds.

There was a large attendance at the opening boxing card of the season at Hartford.

Johnny Drew of Worcester was awarded the decision over Babe Ruth of Philadelphia in the twelve-round feature.

Eddie Lord of Waterbury won the decision over Glen Champine of Albany.

Red Riley, welterweight, of Troy, lost on a foul to George Jackson of New York.

Willie Morgan of Hartford won on a technical knockout over Rocco Geary, also from Hartford.

Eddie Keeley, heavyweight from Bridgeport and State champion, was awarded the decision over Australian George Cook at Boston.

Pinky Burns of New London knocked out Johnny Saxon of Bridgeport in the ninth round of a scheduled fifteen-round bout at New London.

Johnny Peters of Bridgeport won on a foul in the fifth from Willie Mack of Stamford. It was Peters' fight all the way, Mack fouling to save himself from a knockout.

Steve Culver of Bridgeport knocked out Manuel Canto of Taunton, Mass., in the second round.

Joe (Kid) Oliver of Taunton broke his thumb in the third round and forfeited to Kid De Bartlo of Westerly.

Torrington has started boxing with Willie Shugrue and Sam Sanchez, the Mexican, in the feature bout, Shugrue winning the decision.

Rex Bell of Ansonia won over Sammy Lawson in the six-round semi-final.

Promoter Chimble of Stamford was forced to postpone his show this month on account of illness of two of his prospective main event boxers.

Tracy Ferguson of Wallingford, welterweight champion, has been signed to box Jack Willis of San Antonio at Portland, Me.

Milan Welsh, sports editor, has been missed from Connecticut rings since he has been confined at St. Vincent's Hospital, Bridgeport, but expects to be out soon.

Tony Travers, 136 pounder of New Haven, and Bobby Risden, 135 pounder of New York, boxed six rounds to a draw at the Nutmeg show at New Haven.

Mickey Travers won on a knockout over Phil Richards of England in the second round.

Georgie Day and Joey Kaufman of Jersey went six rounds to a draw.

Young Coulon of Taftville scored a knockout over Scotty Horsburgh of Ansonia in the second round.

Sammy Cooper of New Haven won on a technical knockout over Arthur Pavese of Newark in the third round.

Bobby Garcia knocked out Johnny Kochansky of Bayonne in the sixth round at Hartford.

Jack Horner, a newcomer from the West, flattened tough Willie Morgan of Hartford in the second round.

Terry Parker of Boston won from Frankie Reichie of New York.

Johnny O'Keefe of Hartford defeated Ivan La France of Springfield.

Bud Gorman won from Eddie Keeley, heavyweight from Bridgeport, at Boston.

Honey Boy Finnegan of Boston won the decision over Billy Kennedy of New Orleans in twelve rounds at Waterbury.

Wop Manolium of Boston won from Willie Devlin of Scotland.

Pop Humphreys, 126, from London, England, defeated Willie Shugrue of Waterbury.

Eddie Lord beat Red Garren; both boys are from Waterbury.

At New London, Pal Reed of Boston and Jack Stone of New York boxed ten rounds to a draw.

Phil Jackson, Milwaukee middleweight, now making his home at Bridgeport, was awarded the decision over Battling McLeod of Newark in the semi-final.

Young Rossi of Westerly lost on a technical knockout to Walter Cross of the Coast Guard.

Henry Di Julio, heavyweight, of Bridgeport, lost to Young Cross of New London, in four rounds.

Johnny (Sheik) Leonard and Tracy Ferguson fought another draw at New Haven.

MAINE NOTES

By R. A. Weatherbee

Jack Willis, the cowboy welterweight from Texas, rode roughshod over Jack McFarland of New York at Portland recently, and won a K. O. in the second. Willis has won from nearly all the Maine welters except Cyclone St. Louis of Old Town and many Maine fans would like to see the champion of Northern Maine in with the ex-Texan for the state title.

Lou Bedell ran over to Worcester, Mass., and took a pasting from the home boy, Johnny Drew. Jimmy Clayton of Boston, another boy who is known here, lost to Bobby Brown in the semi-windup. Brown beat Joe Garvey in Portland recently.

Georgie Bulduc has his revenge for he had a good margin over his old rival, Lou Lambert, in Portland in a 12-round bout. Georgie was to have met Johnnie Harko later but Lambert was substituted and took a neat beating from Harko.

Billy Hindly and Louis Prince, who have met in Maine, battled again in Manchester and Hindly got the award.

Kid Stanchfield, Milo featherweight, who has been ill with scarlet fever, will soon resume his campaign which was interrupted after his 12-round draw with Slasher Rogers in Fort Fairfield.

Maine fans will be interested to know that Tony Mandell, probably one of the most popular boys who have shown here, defeated Wee Willie Woods and Billy Hindley, two other Maine favorites, in Lynn recently. Tony, by the way, will soon be a full-fledged featherweight as he weighs around 125 pounds.

Maine state titles are rather mythical but a few classes have recognized title holders. The writer considers the following men champions in their classes:

Tony Lemeneaux of Sanford, flyweight.
Jimmy (Kid) Rice, Portland, featherweight.
Lou Bedell, Portland, lightweight.
Cyclone St. Louis, Old Town, and Jack Willis, Portland, leading welters of northern and southern Maine, have never met.
Bing Conley, Lewiston, 160-175 pounds.

Harry Catron of Bangor has returned from Florida. It is rumored that the former wrestler will promote a few boxing shows in Bangor this winter.

The Bangor fans are eager for boxing but a promoter is lacking.

The boys have paid dearly to bring us contenders. Now with popular priced shows featuring such Maine boys as St. Louis, Utah Kid, Bedell, Lemeneaux, the Murphys, etc., they would have a chance to recover at least a part of their losses.

NOTES FROM TOLEDO

By JIM HENRICKS, JR.

A majority of the local sport scribes declared Joe Packo the winner over Mike Wallace, of Cleveland, at the end of their twelve round clash on November 4. Outweighed by fourteen pounds, Packo fought brilliantly and won by a comfortable margin. This was the second meeting of this pair with the same result.

The semi-final was a furiously fought contest of eight rounds between Larry Posen and Harry Henderson, both of Toledo. It was a great fight, Posen winning by a shade. Sammy Lupica, of Toledo, stopped George Sherry, of Canton, in the second round of a scheduled six round preliminary.

A good sized crowd turned out to greet Joe Dailey's second venture as matchmaker for the Toledo A. C. on November 11. Tommy Freeman, Hot Springs welter, met Ted Easterbrook, of Youngstown, in the ten round main event, Freeman maintaining a clear lead throughout the contest.

The rest of the card was replete with knockouts. Red McDonald, of Toledo, stopped Spider Lewis, of Cincinnati, in the sixth round of the semi-final. Adam Keats, of Toledo, kayoed Bert Grey, of Canton, in the first round and Cowboy Spencer disposed of Johnny Nichols in the fourth round of the curtain raiser.

Ray Hahn, of Indianapolis, won all the way from Red Herring, of Gulfport, Miss., in the twelve round main event of the Shea Bros. show on November 18. Hahn fought a smart battle and made a fine impression on the local fans.

Larry Posen and Jack Pinney, both of Toledo, boxed eight fast rounds with honors about even in the semi-final. Tommy Ryan, of Toledo, won handily from Ripper Wilson, of Indianapolis, in six rounds and Jim Kelly, Toledo heavyweight, kayoed Jack Phillips, of Detroit, in the second round of the curtain raiser.

Joe Dailey staged a very interesting program of fistic entertainment on November 25. Herbie Schaeffer, of Chicago, had an edge on Syd Conn, of Dayton, in the main bout after twelve rounds of fast milling.

Red McDonald, of Toledo, scored a clean knockout over Sammy Marsico, of Fremont, in the second round of a scheduled eight round semi-final. Kenneth Bee, of Youngstown, knocked out Harry Henderson, of Toledo, in the third round and Lanny Critchley, of Kokomo, won from Young Schroeder, of Toledo, by a technical knockout.

Larry Posen, Toledo middleweight, appeared twice as a headliner at the Olympic A. C. in Grand Rapids, Mich., during the past month. His hurricane style of fighting made a big hit with the fans of that city. On November 13 he fought a slashing eight round draw with Dick Watson, of Detroit, and on November 27 he won decisively from Tommy McFarland, of South Bend, Ind.

FROM VIRGINIA

By RODY DAVIS

Richmond fight patrons were treated to one of the best boxing programs even seen in this section recently, when Speedy Lawrence and Frankie Rice of Baltimore fought to what the judges called a draw. Speedy outboxed his Baltimore opponent at every stage of the game and in the opinion of many should have been given the decision, however, a draw verdict did not hurt very much.

Lawrence is a ring veteran and has defeated many good boys. He is a great favorite in Virginia and is now going stronger than ever. Speedy is the Army lightweight champion.

In the semi-windup Kid Holland of Phoebus, Virginia, received the decision over Andy Kelly of Baltimore. These men are featherweights and put up a good, fast fight of ten rounds.

Lin Winfree, a Petersburg, Va., boy got a decision over Young Pentecost on a foul. The unintentional foul was much regretted by the fans.

The first six rounder showed one of the most promising youngsters in this part of the country in Lefty Woodson, featherweight champ of Fort Monroe, Virginia. Woodson k. o.'d Staples, a Richmond fighter in the second round, after dropping him once before.

Lefty has a wonderful fighting physique and will go far in the fight game. His left hook which he uses to follow a right jab is very effective and is the punch with which he floored Staples. Woodson is improving with each fight.

Norfolk fans saw a good show early in the month when Young Philips and Lukie Tenner fought to a draw in the main affair. Both men showed much boxing skill and their fight was very much enjoyed.

The semi-final fight brought together Lindsay Bass and Cy Shindell, Marine middleweight, in a ten rounder which was also called a draw.

Frankie Masonis, a soldier lightweight from Langley Field, fought a good eight round draw with Sailor Houle of the Norfolk Naval Base. It was purely a fight, with neither man displaying a desire to box very much.

It is possible that Texas Stovall, crack Indian welterweight, will show in Norfolk before very long. Fight fans in Norfolk like a good boxer with a punch and Tex will surely give them their money's worth. This welterweight has beaten some mighty good boys in this territory and it is believed that he is sure to go high in the boxing profession.

Virginia boxing patrons are desirous of seeing our Legislature pass a bill legalizing the sport there.

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Interesting Letters from Our Readers!

An Argument Worth While

I HAVE been a keen follower of the game for the past eighteen years and during that time I have read all the papers, magazines and books, that deal with boxing and let me say right here that THE RING beats them all. It makes the rest of them quit with the first issue.

Your editorials are fearless and chock full of interest and common sense. Al Spink, Tad, Mathison, Daniel, Albertanti and the host of other sports writers who contribute their wealth of knowledge to your paper, are interesting and informative.

Now to get back to a story by Charles F. Mathison in the January issue of THE RING in which he rates Dempsey as the king of all modern heavyweights, I've been itching for his scalp. Mathison gives us Wills, Renault and Godfrey as Dempsey's strongest contenders. Compare these men with McVey, Jeannette and Johnson.

Why, the least fancied of the three colored men could comfortably account for Wills, and Renault and Godfrey would be set ups. My contention is that Sam Langford at his top would lick Dempsey on the best day the latter saw. Dempsey's best knocks have been Jess Willard, Geo. Carpentier and Luis Firpo. The best of the three was Carpentier and Carpentier at his best was no world beater.

It took Dempsey 15 rounds to beat a light heavy (Tom Gibbons) on points. I hate to think what a mess Sam would have made of Gibbons, Renault, Carpentier and Willard.

No, Mr. Mathison, Dempsey has struck a lean period. There are no Jacksons, Fitzsimmonses or Langfords knocking around today or Jack might still be a contender unless he struck it lucky like Willard and once he got the title, avoided the snags as Tommy Burns did Langford, ditto Jack Johnson. Neither of these wanted anything to do with Sam. They knew his calibre.

Mathison also selects Fitzsimmons, Nonpariel Dempsey, Ketchel, Ryan and Greb as the pick of the middles both past and present. Why Greb, Ryan and Ketchel before Les Darcy? Billy Papke was very little inferior to Ketchel but he was streets behind Les Darcy. Oh, no, Mr. Mathison, I'm with you all the way when you class the present crop of American Boxers superior to those of other countries but you cannot tell us that Ketchel and Greb are or were superior to Les Darcy.

My firm conviction (and it is shared by many others) is that had Darcy been spared, he would have risen to be heavyweight champion. Look at his record at 20 years of age. Why, at that early age he accounted for some of the world's greatest middleweights: Frank Loughrey, Jeff Smith, Eddie McGoorty, Billy Murray, Jimmy Clabby and in the following years Geo. K. O. Brown, Buck Crouse, Jimmy Clabby and Geo. Chip. It's a great pity he was not spared to show his wares in the States.

Jack Dillon and Mike Gibbons would have shared the same fate as McGoorty and Clabby, Chip and Brown. What a battle Darcy and Langford would have provided could both of them been placed in the ring at the top of their form! Who would win? Well, if there must be a winner, Darcy is my choice.

Now, I have a suggestion to make, one which I think will be approved and welcomed by your readers. Why not have an International Boxing Commission on the same lines as the N. Y. Boxing Commission? The New York Commission does duty for America but is not recognized outside that country. The same applies to the National Sporting Club and the French Federation. They are all right so far National championships go but do not carry sufficient authority where International crowns are at stake.

Representatives of the different countries interested in the sport should sit in the council and devise rules and generally function in a similar manner to the New York Commission.

Now, here's another suggestion—bind all followers who have the interests of the game at heart into one solid band. Let us call it the Boxer's Alliance and issue suitable badges upon application made to join. This would provoke unbounded interest in the sport and would insure a sort of boxing fraternity that would stand solid in the interests of the greatest game of all, "The Noble Art."

R. A. CUMES, Kirra, Queensland, Australia.

* * * * *

Tells of Ketchell-McCann Fight

IN October issue of THE RING, a reader, Frankie Budd, Garfield, N. J., inquires regarding a fight which took place between Stanley Ketchel and Hugh McCann, a number of years ago.

This fight was held in the spring of 1910, and was scheduled for six rounds. There was no knockout, McCann staying the entire distance, in spite of the fact that Ketchel knocked him down five times in the last round. Ketchel was pretty sore over his failure to score a knockout and as the newspaper dispatches said, "he shook his opponent's hand with rather poor grace at the end of the fight."

GEORGE W. LEE,
Seattle, Wash.

* * * * *

Praise for THE RING

BEING a constant reader of THE RING I take the liberty of expressing my deep appreciation for the contents of interest which your book contains.

To give my impressions of your magazine, I estimate it as the highest classed boxing circulation throughout the universe. Its articles never fail to render considerable pleasure.

THE RING is a magazine which is exclusively and completely devoted to its purpose—Boxing. It is bound to create a hit with fistic fans, regardless of where it may be introduced.

Wishing you continued success and prosperity,

GEORGE CAMUSO,
Lawrence, Mass.

* * * * *

Is Grateful

I WISH to thank you kindly for including my letter in your wonderful boxing paper which stands out as the finest of all for boxing news. I am a little late in sending my thanks as my letter appeared in the October issue, but as I was traveling about this has been my first chance to write you. I am enclosing two clippings from the Sydney Referee hoping they will be of interest to you.

One is regarding Harry Stone, late of U. S. A. He has been in Australia for about 13 years, a fine boxer and a grand fellow, and for years a great favorite of the boxing fans in Australia. Perhaps you may remember him when he fought in this country.

He has a wonderful record, will fight any one regardless of weight and he has never been knocked out. He once held the lightweight championship of Australia. He also is a great worker for charity. I see in the November issue of THE RING a very pleasing article about Tommy Milligan, the Scot welter and middle champion of Europe. I was pleased to hear of his success in his first American fight and of the nice things said regarding his future. The reason I take interest in him is that he was born in the same town as myself in Scotland, Hamilton by name.

I hope to hear more about him through THE RING and feel sure I will and I hope for a successful future for him. I once again thank you, and wish you, your associates and your wonderful paper, THE RING, the best of success.

JAMES LAUDER,
Eagle Rock City, Los Angeles.

* * * * *

All the Brothers Are Fighters

BOY, page the Shade and Trambitas families. As "fighting families" they are second and third, respectively. Right here in San Pedro we have a real fighting family in the Nelsons.

Georgie is a welterweight, Billie is a lightweight, Jackie is a featherweight and Pepper is a flyweight. But that ain't all. Connie Nelson, another brother, was one of the crack lightweights twenty years ago, and Tommy Nelson, another lightweight, set the Southwest afire several years ago, meeting and defeating the best men in the business.

At the Nelson home in West Second street Brother Tommy has erected an arena in the back yard and he is teaching his younger brothers HOW TO HIT. Tommy believes that a good offensive fighter needs no defense, especially one that can sock.

Little Pepper Nelson, who holds the newsboys' flyweight belt in San Pedro, has lost but one fight, and that to Spec Ramies.

The most disastrous setbeck the fighting family has received to date occurred recently at Lawnsdale, when Jackie Nelson was knocked out by Bert Clemmons, of Los Angeles.

F. G., San Pedro, Cal.

BY a lucky accident I became aware that such a magazine as The Ring was published. As a result I am now a constant reader, having The Ring sent to me by friends in America every month. I introduced the paper to a friend of mine who is also a boxing fan and needless to say he is delighted with it.

In looking through some back numbers of The Ring we came upon a fine picture of Jack Johnson in the publication for January, 1924 (Christmas Number). My friend, being an ardent supporter of "Lil Artha" asks as a special favor that you kindly send him a photograph for his collection.

Hoping that you will kindly accede to my request on behalf of my friend and wishing you success and long life to your excellent journal, I remain, your supporter.

JOSEPH S. DORAN,
Mountain Road,
Kilkeel, County Down, Ireland.

* * * * *

Wants More Pictures

I am writing a few lines to ask you what has become of all the pictures that used to be in THE RING. Pictures of box fights about a year ago. I would like to see more of them.

I think that THE RING is a truly wonderful magazine otherwise and the best yet. However, I would like to see more of those pictures.

I have not a subscription because every store around my home sells THE RING. Six months ago they never heard of it, showing how fast America's Foremost Boxing Magazine is growing.

I wish it more luck. I hope to see a big Xmas number.

Also, if not asking too much, I would like to know what has become of Tommy Gibbons? Has he retired?

Wishing THE RING and its staff the very best of luck, I close,

J. J. BLAKE, Chicago, Ill.

[Gibbons has retired.—Editor's Note.]

* * * * *

I find great pleasure in reading your wonderful book, THE RING. I have read numerous other pugilistic books but do not find in them such pictures of past and present day pugilists, something that is rarely seen. The price of your book, in my estimation, is half of the price you should charge.

James Baker, New York City.

In Our Question Box

By FRANCES ALBERTANTI

A Fan, New York City.

Q.—(1) I want to start boxing. I weigh 150 pounds, height five feet three inches. I am eighteen years old. Is it best to join a club or gym? (2) Did Joe Walcott win the heavyweight title from Joe Choynski?

A.—(1) Join gymnasium. There are four or five in your immediate neighborhood. (2) Choynski never held title.

Jimmy Cerreta, Canton, Ohio.

Q.—(1) Is Frankie Genaro American flyweight champion yet? (2) What is Jack Delaney's right name and nationality? How old is he? Was he ever knocked out, by whom, when and where? (3) Is Lou Bogash still fighting (4) Is Joe Dundee brother of Johnny? What is his real name if not? (5) How many times was Tiger Flowers knocked out, by whom and what were their nationalities?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Ovila Chapdelaine, French-Canadian. Twenty-five years. He was knocked out by Augie Ratner at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, in the summer of 1922. (3) Yes. (4) No. Samuel Lazzaro. (5) Eight times—Jack Delaney, twice; Panama Joe Gans, Kid Norfolk, twice; Sam Langford, Lee Anderson, Jamaica Kid, French-Canadian, the remainder negroes.

P. F. C. Billy Keating, Fort Bragg, N. C.

Q.—Was Frankie Conley, bantamweight champion over one year?

A.—No. He never held title.

C. Garthwaite, Trenton, N. J.

Q.—If Jack Dempsey should retire now would he be recognized as the world's undefeated champion?

A.—Yes.

James Kerson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Could Harry Greb beat Paul Berlenbach if they fought? (2) Could Honey Boy Finnegan defeat K. O. Kaplan? (3) What is Mickey Walker's k.o. record while in the pro's?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Finnegan is a feather. K. O. Kaplan is a heavy welter. You must mean Louis (Kid) Kaplan. The Kid figures to outpoint Finnegan. (3) Twenty-two.

A Ring Reader, New York City.

Q.—(1) Did Babe Herman ever fight in Bayonne, N. J., with whom and what was the result? 2) How does Petie Mack stand in the featherweight division? (3) Was Billy Kennedy ever knocked out?

A.—(1) Yes. Petie Mack. Herman received popular newspaper decision. (2) Good. (3) Yes.

K. O. Joe Yates, West Virginia.

Q.—(1) Did Harry Greb ever lose a decision and when did he start boxing. (2) I am five feet nine inches in height and fight at 145 pounds. Is that too light for me to fight?

A.—(1) Yes. 1913. (2) No.

Smiling Jack Ditoro, Philadelphia.

Q.—Is Joey Leonard, Benny's kid brother, ever going to box again?

A.—No.

Leonard Paone, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Q.—(1) Who would win a Shade-Walker fight? (2) Did Dempsey ever knock out the following—Jeffries, Johnson, Willard and Tunney? (3) When and where did John L. Sullivan die? (4) When and where did Firpo meet Dempsey?

A.—(1) Walker settled the question of supremacy a few weeks ago by gaining the decision over Shade in fifteen rounds. (2) Dempsey knocked out Willard. He never fought Johnson, Jeffries and Tunney. (3) Abingdon, Mass., Feb. 2, 1918. (4) 1923, Polo Grounds, New York.

A Reader, Stamford, Conn.

Q.—What should I do in order to get fights, and do I need a license

A.—Get a manager. License compulsory in New York State.

Johnny Hales, Waterbury, Conn.

Q.—Who were the five best sluggers or aggressive men of the last thirty years?

A.—In the writer's opinion the following would answer your query—Dempsey, Fitzsimmons, McGovern, Stanley Ketchell and Kid Williams.

M. R., Stamford, Conn.

Q.—How old must I be to start boxing? Is 16 o. k.? Do boxers ever drink soda? Did any boxer ever wear eye glasses

A.—Sixteen to eighteen. They drink plenty of soda after fights. Many wear eyeglasses outside the ring.

A Reader, Camp Taylor, Ky.

Q.—Did Harry Fay k. o. Paul Berlenbach when they were amateurs?

A.—Just the reverse. Paul flattened Fay in one round.

Louis Zipperman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What are the measurements of Sid Terris?

A.—Height, five feet eight inches; weight, 135 pounds; reach, 70 inches; neck, 14; chest normal, 37; chest expanded, 42; waist, 30; biceps, 13; forearm, 9½; wrist, 6¾; thigh, 19; calf, 13; ankle, 10.

Reader, Mexicala, Mexico.

Q.—What is the nationality of Bobby Garcia?

A.—Mexican-Indian.

Inquisitive, Paterson, N. J.

Q.—Was Lew Paluso ever knocked out and by whom?

A.—Yes, Nobe Cerventes.

Mike Donnelly, New York City.

Q.—Did Mike Gibbons and Mike O'Dowd clash at Ebbets Field or Queensboro Stadium, and what was the result?

A.—They fought at the Queensboro, O'Dowd winning the decision. It was Dave Rosenberg whom Gibbons boxed at Ebbets Field.

Reader, Newark, N. J.

Q.—How long has boxing been legalized in New Jersey?

A.—Eight years.

Joe Jacobs, New York City.

Q.—Kindly give me the list of bantam champions from Pete Herman down, and where they fought?

A.—Joe Lynch defeated Herman, Garden; Herman retrieved his laurels by beating Lynch at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn; Buff succeeded Herman, Garden; Buff lost to Lynch at New York Velodrome; Lynch lost to Abe Goldstein, Garden; Goldstein lost to Eddie Martin, Garden; Martin blew laurels to Charley (Phil) Rosenberg, Garden.

Constant Reader, Port Jervis, N. Y.

Q.—Please let me know the nationalities of the following—Abe Attell, Jack Britton, Paul Berlenbach, Lew Chester, Joe Benjamin, Benny Bass, Jem Driscoll, Mike Dundee, Joe Gans, Harry Felix, Paul Gulotta, Babe Herman, Johnny Hamm, Alex Hart, Pete Herman, Casper Leon, Billy Kennedy, Sammy Mandell, Tommy Murphy, Packey McFarland, Mick McAdam, Joe Tiplitz, Jack Zivic, Sammy Baker, King Soloman, Jimmy Slattery, Dave Shade?

A.—Hebrew, Irish, German, Herbrew, Hebrew, Hebrew, born in Wales of Irish parents, Italian, negro, Hebrew, Italian, Portuguese-Italian, German, Irish, Italian, Italian, Irish, Italian, Irish, Irish, Scotch, Hebrew, Crotian, Dane, Syrian, Irish, Irish.

A Reader, Corbondale, Pa.

O.—(1) How does Jack Zivic rank in the welter class? Has he a chance for the title, and what is the biggest purse he ever got for one fight? With whom, and when? (2) Is Tiger Flowers a good fighter? (3) Could Cuddy De Marco lick Zivic?

A.—(1) Zivic is one of the leading contenders for Mickey Walker's mythical diadem. He received $10,000 in his return bout with Lew Tendler at Philadelphia, two months ago. (2) Flowers is one of the greatest fighters developed since the inception of the Walker law. He has plenty of class. (3) The last time they fought De Marco won on a questionable decision. I fancy Zivic to beat him if they fight again.

O'Donnell Gallagher, Huntington, W. Va.

Q.—What are the dates, places and results of battles between Terry McGovern and Aurelio Herrera and McGovern with Oscar Gardner?

A.—Terry flattened Herrera in five rounds, San Francisco, May 29, 1901. He knocked out Gardner twice, March 9, 1900, New York, three rounds; April 30, 1901, San Francisco, four rounds.

Louis Zipperman, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Where are the following clubs located: Lenox, Twenty-seventh Division Train Armory, 102d Medical Armory, Pioneer, Commonwealth and Ridgewood Grove?

A.—107th Street, between Park and Lexington Avenues; Marcy Avenue and Lynch Street, Brooklyn; Sixty-eighth Street, near Columbus Avenue; Twenty-fourth Street, near Third Avenue; 135th Street, near Madison Avenue; Cypress Avenue, Brooklyn.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Who would win in a Sid Terris-Jimmy Goodrich bout? (2) I am sixteen years old and am following physical culture exercises. Am I too young to become a boxer?

A.—(1) Terris. (2) No.

Grover Snell, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Q.—How can I get enrolled in amateur boxing contests like they have in New York City?

A.—Get in touch with Ben Levine, A. A. U. headquarters, 305 Broadway, New York City.

Carlo Boots, Jersey City, N. J.

Q.—(1) What has happened to your results column? (2) Which five fighters have the best records in the feather class? (3) Was Joey Kaufman ever knocked out, and by whom?

A.—(1) Discontinued because of lack of space. (2) Dundee, Kaplan, Herman, Chapman, Honeyboy Finnegan. (3) Yes, Eddie Anderson.

A. Hogan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q. (1)—What has become of Frankie Albano? (2) Who is the better boxer, Albano or Augie Pisano? (3) Did Archie Bell fight in the amateurs under the name of Archie Sapon? (4) Who would win in a Eddie Martin-Fidel La Barba fight? (5) What part of Bay Rridge does Andy Devodi come from?

A. (1)—Still fighting. (2) Albano. (3) Yes. (4) Martin weighs 12 to 122, La Barba scales 112. (5) No. 414 Fifty-seventh Street.

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